

THE GRAPHIC

VOL. XXXIII—No. 11

LOS ANGELES, AUGUST 13, 1910

PRICE TEN CENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic. Address all communications to the editor at 116 North Broadway, Los Angeles.

Entered at the Los Angeles postoffice as second-class matter. Telephones: Home A 8482; Sunset, Main 139.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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PASSING OF A GREAT EDITOR

EARLY first on the Pacific coast as a forceful moulder of public opinion, the late Harvey W. Scott, two score and more years the editorial director of the Portland Oregonian, has left as a legacy to his family, in addition to physical bequests, an unsullied reputation, and a lustrous memory that for years to come will shine as does a good deed in a naughty world.

Like all men of strong personalities, the editor of the Oregonian made many bitter enemies, but his friends were in a powerful majority, and even those who anathematized him had abundant cause to respect his uprightness of purpose and the courage of his convictions. The editorial page of the paper he conducted with such signal ability was ever a welcome sight in the oasis of dreary platitudes, under which the exchange table is wont to groan. All the artillery of the trained writer was his to command, and in biting invective, polished irony, curt sarcasm, vigorous argument and terse, clean-cut English, he had few superiors among his contemporaries the country over.

Allied with a business manager of equal astuteness in his own field of endeavor, the two branches of the paper were as independent in initiative as a well-conducted newspaper property should be, and by reason of this policy of non-interference, Mr. Scott was able to give of his best without a fretting of the spirit. As a result, the Oregonian became on the coast, in spite of its semi-isolation, what the Springfield Republican long has been in New England, a journal of far-reaching influence, circumscribed by no limitations of municipal boundaries.

Portland has lost a powerful exponent of what was for the best in its citizenship in the death of

this unique character in newspaper life. He was human, consequently not without faults, but as an exemplar for the striving, ambitious journalist who aims high, and has a purpose, Harvey W. Scott's career offers inspiring material for emulation. As among those who have profited by his forceful example and been many times stimulated and encouraged by his fine appreciation of the niceties of the English language, we are proud of the privilege to lay upon his exalted bier this tribute from an humble worker in the ranks.

JOHNSON'S INTEMPERATE LANGUAGE

DISPASSIONATELY considering the flaying of Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, administered by Hiram Johnson, candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, in his speech at Simpson Auditorium last Friday night, the conviction is borne in upon the unprejudiced observer that, much as the editor of the Times is open to adverse criticism for his past sins, the candidate for the highest executive office in the state did not advance his cause by the intemperate language used on that occasion.

For his uncharitable and unjust attacks on those on whom his spleenetic disposition has sought reprisal for fancied grievances, General Otis has much to answer for; his tribunal he must face when in a little while his increasing years bring him to the parting of the ways terrestrially. But to denounce him in the billingsgate employed by Candidate Johnson, from a public platform, surely indicates a want of dignity, of judicial poise in this would-be governor of the state, that stamps the utterer as a person not to be trusted with the reins of power to which he aspires. We ask the conservative readers of The Graphic if this sort of talk recommends Johnson as one worthy of their confidence. We quote from his organ, the local Express:

In the city from which I have come we have drunk to the very dregs the cup of infamy; we have had vile officials; we have had rotten newspapers; we have had men who sold their birth-right; we have dipped into every infamy; every form of wickedness has been ours in the past; every debased passion and every sin has flourished, but we have nothing so vile, nothing so low, nothing so debased, nothing so infamous in San Francisco, nor did we ever have, as Harrison Gray Otis. . . . He sits there in senile dementia, with gangrened heart and rotting brain, grimacing at every reform, chattering impotently at all things that are decent, frothing, fuming, violently gibbering, going down to his grave in snarling infamy. This man Otis is the one blot on the banner of Southern California; he is the bar sinister upon your escutcheon. My friends, he is the one thing that all California looks at, when, in looking at Southern California, they see anything that is disgraceful, depraved, corrupt, crooked and putrescent—that is Harrison Gray Otis.

Johnson overshot his mark. A dignified scoring of the editor of the Times for certain faults that are all too apparent would not have detracted from his candidacy, but to employ hyperbole, to exhaust synonyms in an effort to excoriate his newspaper critic was to wield a boomerang that could not fail to injure himself on the rebound. Southern California, particularly Los Angeles, does not love General Otis, but it has forgiven much in him because of his services to this community, in preventing a repetition here of the pernicious labor conditions that prevail in San Francisco, and for this work the people are grateful and long-suffering in other directions. Even if he were all that Johnson has depicted him, the verbal lashing administered from a speaker's platform by a man seeking the most responsible office in the gift of the people would be a reflection on the good taste and poise of the utterer, since Johnson was a temporary guest of Los Angeles at the time of his vitriolic deliverance, hence courtesy demanded that he adhere to the unwritten laws of hospitality.

To our notion, nothing that Hiram Johnson

has said or done in his campaign so thoroughly stamps him as a scion of that abusive, dictatorial, reprehensible old party, the elder Johnson, whose antics at Sacramento, in and out of politics, have inspired contempt and disgust among self-respecting men in the state for years. All that Rev. Robert J. Burdette has intimated in his now famous allegorical portrayal is confirmed by this unseemly exhibition of the son. Instead of retaliating on General Otis for giving publicity to the truths expressed so appositely by Dr. Burdette, Hiram Johnson has convicted himself out of his own mouth and proved conclusively that he is an unsafe person to place in executive charge of the state, both on atavistic and personal grounds.

CLOSING DAYS OF PRIMARY CONTEST

BEFORE another issue of The Graphic shall have appeared the battle at the primary will have been fought and the decisions made public that will settle one of the most unusual political contests California has ever experienced. That is, settled so far as the free-for-all race is concerned. It is a process of elimination rather than of selection, since the real test comes with the November elections. But in a way the preliminary struggle is of greater interest than the one to be encountered four mouths hence. The state being naturally Republican, the party nominees next week, with few exceptions, are likely to be chosen at the November ratification. Who they shall be is the ipse dixit of the primary vote.

Great effort is being made by the Curry-Johnson supporters to minimize the Stanton candidacy in every way, in the effort to discourage his following. Anderson, by this time, is certainly fourth in the race and is practically out of the running. Curry and Johnson are in a neck-and-neck contest in the northern part of the state, with Johnson and Stanton struggling for the primary this side of the Tehachapi. As we have argued from the start, victory lies with Southern California. We can name the winner if we will, and a united front will achieve it. If self-interest, which is self-protection, is to prevail, the dominant vote will go to Philip A. Stanton, whose candidacy at this time should appeal to every voter in the Fourth equalization district with peculiar force. Through him lies emancipation from unequal representation. With Stanton in the executive chair, Southern California may look for the fair deal that now is denied her by reason of the unjust assessments levied.

So far as the black bogey of corporation rule is concerned, Mr. Stanton has stated in his platform his views in regard to railroad political bureaus. We believe he is honest in his expressions, and that he is in no sense obligated to the machine is thoroughly established. Mr. Johnson's campaign has been based on a denunciatory platform entirely. We have looked in vain for anything of a constructive nature in his outpourings. He is ever the criminal lawyer in a hired capacity. If his special pleadings carry conviction there is no assurance that he will not be found on the other side later if a big enough retaining fee is forthcoming. A man who would defeat the ends of justice, as he has done, for a rascally banking client, who was able to pay him a large sum to handle his case, would not scruple to defraud the people in the game of politics and for a similar consideration. That is why we have so little faith in his oratorical protestations.

Stanton is a far safer man, with a more judicial mind to entrust with the affairs of state. If we believed he were insincere in his promises of political freedom from the entangling corporation dictation, we should not be found advocating his cause; yet neither should we support Johnson for the reasons already given. We do not trust him. He comes of shifty stock, and what is bred in the bone must inevitably find outlet. That

the earnest leaders of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League will bitterly rue their selection for governor, in case Johnson should defeat Stanton, we firmly believe, but, of course, that is an experience for the future, in the event of a Johnson victory at the primary. Just now he is being deified as a sort of Titanic Jupiter, whose platform thunderbolts cause his newspaper worshippers spasms of ecstasy as they hurtle through the air. That their Olympian deity is of the earth earthy time will surely reveal. As the tree is bent the twig's inclined. Hiram Johnson is doubly handicapped: By his criminal practice proclivities and by his paternity.

MAYOR GAYNOR AS A CIVIC FORCE

UNIVERSAL is the expression of relief that Mayor William J. Gaynor, shot down by a cowardly would-be assassin for a fancied grievance, is likely to survive the bullet wound inflicted last Tuesday, and so be preserved to continue his career of usefulness in the leading city of the American continent. With the details of this despicable act of a discharged city employe the public is familiar. Just as Mayor Gaynor was about to sail on a well-earned vacation trip, a disgruntled former night watchman, relieved from duty for cause, fired point blank at New York city's executive, the bullet ploughing behind the right ear and, ranging downward, inflicting a dangerous but not necessarily fatal wound.

Mayor Gaynor has loomed large in the public eye of late years, long prior to his induction into the mayoralty chair. He is a man of great force of character, a bulwark of strength in support of civic righteousness, with unlimited faith in the moral purposes of the people. Three times before he was elected mayor he refused to become a candidate for the office, resisting persistent importunities, and twice he declined the nomination for governor. Ever since, as a young man of twenty-four, he took an interest in politics, it has been to expose corruption in office, to oppose the efforts of dishonest officials to perpetuate their rule and to deal to them their deserts when they were convicted of crimes against the people. In the fourteen years that Judge Gaynor was on the supreme court bench, he was credited with trying twice as many cases as any of his associates. Lawyers regarded him as severe, but all respected his legal ability.

Judge Gaynor is quoted as saying in his own defense: "It isn't the lawyer I see in court, it is the litigant behind him, pale with anxiety, and eating up his substance in dragged-out legal expenses. It is for his sake I use all my authority to compel a more rapid determination of cases." As a jurist the present mayor of New York was outspoken, despite his judicial position, in denouncing corporate abuse and political chicanery. But, says a commentator, he has been rigid in his demand that all movements in vindication of law must proceed along lawful lines. Here is his creed:

Crimes and vices are evils to the community; but it behooves a free people never to forget that they have more to fear from the one vice of arbitrary power in government than from all other vices and crimes combined. It debases everybody, and brings in its train all other vices and crimes. Societies, and private enthusiasts for the "suppression of vice" should read history, and learn the supreme danger of trying to do all at once by the policeman's club—what can be done at all only gradually by the slow moral development which comes principally from our schools and churches. It would be difficult to speak with perfect forbearance of the strange pretence that the police could not enforce the law if they kept within the law themselves.

In personal appearance Mayor Gaynor has been described as having a slight, straight, prim figure with a thin face, flat at the cheek bones and white at the jaws, and with a thick, close-cropped gray beard coming to a blunt point. Serious hazel eyes, which look so intently that they seem to listen. A high, smooth, symmetrical brow, and a Celtic head, showing benevolence and pugnacity. The whole personality dominated by an almost melancholy earnestness. His public utterances are refreshingly sound and sane. He employs no demagogic tricks to rivet attention to himself, but goes to his point with unerring directness and honesty of intent.

His recent flaying of William Randolph Hearst

for alleged attempts to fasten upon the mayor responsibility for the approval of a voucher for a large sum, in payment of questionable services, brought upon his official head the wrath of the New York publisher, whose several papers smeared their pages incessantly in inky denunciation of the municipal executive. It is said that in the pockets of his would-be murderer were found numerous clippings from the Hearst publications, reflecting on the mayor and calculated, as in the Czolgosz case, to inflame the ignorant mind to the commission of crime. The assassination of McKinley was charged to the Hearst evil influence, and if Mayor Gaynor should die, the instigator to the deed may be likewise found in the yellow sheet publisher. That the wounded mayor, now in hospital, may not share the fate of the martyred McKinley is the heartfelt wish of all true citizens of this great republic.

SAN DIEGO SHOWS DISCRIMINATION

SAN DIEGO'S recent vote on twenty separate propositions to bond the city offers food for thought. The taxpayers were asked to discriminate in a total issue of \$3,513,000 of bonds, of which nearly one-half was for the establishment of a municipal gas and electric plant. Evidently, with visions of what Pasadena has been experiencing of late in its harrowing controversy with the Edison company, this proposal was peremptorily rejected by the mandatory vote of three to one. On the contrary, by the decisive majority of seven to one, the people agreed to bond themselves for one million dollars for park improvements for the Panama-California exposition.

Other bond issues ratified to the extent of three-quarters of a million dollars were for municipal improvements for sanitary purposes, extension of water system and fire protection, all to be regarded as necessities. What may be denominated as ethical wants were sadly neglected. Proposals to bond for the purpose of improving certain streets, extending boulevards and beautifying the grounds of the Old Mission and Fort Stockton were rejected by a two-to-one vote, the people apparently deciding that luxuries at this stage of her municipal career San Diego would have to forego.

Naturally, the result of the balloting on the million dollar plan to improve the city park is gratifying to the Panama canal exposition promoters. Ostensibly for park improvements, to keep within statutory requirements, this sum is, of course, to be expended in preparing the grounds for exposition purposes, and in this work the city appears to be almost a unit. As many of the improvements contemplated will be of a permanent nature, the taxpayers are inclined to be philosophical over the big expenditure they have voted, knowing that but for the exposition project it would be many years before the ideal park site, so readily accessible from the business portion of the city, would be beautified and rendered more of a recreation spot.

On the whole, San Diego is to be felicitated on the result of last Tuesday's vote. Municipal ownership advocates of public utilities will regret the apathy of the taxpayers in this regard, but with so many other demands upon their treasury at this time, the rejection of the plan to install a gas and electric plant is not surprising. Even the good roads movement was forced to yield precedence to the sterner demands of the municipality.

STANDPATTERS SHOULD SING LOW

INSTEAD of a surplus of twenty million dollars in the treasury at the close of the fiscal year, June 30, which the standpat organs are industriously asserting is a proof of the beneficial results of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law after a twelve-month's test, there would be a deficit of close to seven million dollars but for the receipts from the corporation tax payments. As a matter of fact, the latter yielded in excess of twenty-seven millions, so that in place of a surplus, the treasury would be facing a heavy deficit were it not for the corporate tax.

But even with this tentative help, the treasury is in a serious dilemma, due to the fact that the corporation tax payments cannot be touched, pending a decision from the supreme court on the constitutionality of the law. Moreover, the excess

of disbursements over ordinary receipts and expenditures for July, the initial month for the new fiscal year, was almost eleven and a half millions; to this must be added four and a half millions' deficit on account of the Panama canal, or a total of sixteen millions. In well-informed sources it is no secret that the condition of the national finances is causing treasury officials anxiety.

So much for the specious claims of the standpatters in regard to the workings of the new tariff law. Compared with 1907, the customs receipts this year fell off more than three million dollars. They were larger than last year, but importers were naturally chary of placing large orders in 1909 with a tariff in process of revision, so that comparison with the fiscal year preceding this is of no value. Should the United States supreme court rule adversely to the corporation tax, the administration will be in a sad fix, in view of Senator Aldrich's repeated statement that the customs revenue of the Payne tariff alone would be more than sufficient to supply the government with its expense money.

Financial experts are agreed that it is several months too early to base any claims to a surplus from the operations of the Payne tariff. Certainly, the results to date offer no such encouragement. The facts are decidedly against the assertion of the Ohio Republican platform, for example, which felicitates the country on the Payne tariff law for turning a national deficit into a surplus. The truth must be faced. But for the twenty-seven million of corporate tax, in escrow, the working balance in the treasury today would be the lowest noted in many years.

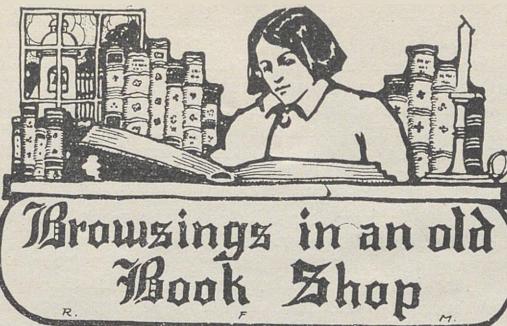
GRAPHITES

No better proof of the necessity for having a Southern California candidate in the executive chair for the next four years could be furnished than that Joseph H. Scott, member of the state board of equalization from San Francisco, is making his campaign for re-election on the plea: "In 1909, for the first time in the last twenty years, San Francisco, instead of paying more state taxes, saved about \$78,000 through state equalization." Which moves the Riverside Press righteously to remark: "That may appeal to San Francisco all right, but it does not appeal to the Southern California counties that Mr. Scott helped to raise from 40 to 100 per cent in order that San Francisco might get this saving in taxes. It is mighty lucky for Scott that his district does not extend south of the Tehachapi." Elect Stanton and he will put a kink in Mr. Scott's praiseworthy efforts by insisting on a redistricting of the state.

Of great value to the student of state politics and particularly to the newspaper editor is the California Blue Book or state roster for 1909, just issued, containing much additional material unknown to the 1907 edition, which preceded, making it the most complete reference book of the kind ever issued from the secretary of state's office. In compiling this voluminous work, Mr. Curry has laid every recipient under a debt of obligation for the amount of historic matter embodied, the official statistics given and the biographical sketches and photographs accompanying have resulted in a book of especial interest.

Editor McGonigle of the Ventura Democrat is right in saying it was David B. Hill who, in addressing a public meeting, prefaced his remarks by saying, "I am a Democrat!" But we did not attempt to transfer his thunder to Carlisle. Our point was that when the former secretary of the treasury was asked if he were a Cleveland Democrat, he retorted in the words attributed to Mr. Hill. David Davis was one of the Old Guard in point of years and prestige in the Illinois Democracy, but we will admit that his vote, which gave to Hayes the presidency rightfully belonging to Tilden, read him out of the ranks. For recalling this bit of history to our mind, the able editor of the Ventura Democrat has placed us under obligation.

Senor Pedro Montt, president of the republic of Chile, is at present a distinguished visitor in the United States. His term of office does not expire until September, 1911, when he will retire, as the re-election of a president is forbidden by the constitution. In this respect the South American republic is years ahead of the United States, which might with profit amend its constitution to conform to this rule, extending the presidential term to six years. It would simplify national politics immensely.



MY PRIZE this week at the Old Book Shop was a first edition of William Makepeace Thackeray's famous "Ballads," bearing date of 1855, which year they were published by Bradbury & Evans of London. A copy of this edition in the original covers sold at auction for \$35 not long ago. My copy has been rebound, but the title page is intact, including the grotesque vignette of the author, drawn by himself, and the contents are preserved in their entirety, just as they were revised by Mr. Thackeray, who, at that time, was in his forty-fifth year. The contents of this collection include such prime favorites as "The White Squall," "Peg of Limavaddy," the famous "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," "The Mahogany Tree," "The Cane-Bottomed Chair," "At the Church Gate," "Molony's Lament" and the several "Ballads of Policeman X." I think of all these my favorite is "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse," not that it equals his tour de force, "The White Squall," for descriptive qualities, but because of the reminiscent charm that pertains to the poem which treats of the savory stew prepared by Terre of the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, Paris. It begins:

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup or broth or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace;
All these you eat at Terre's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Thackeray went back to Paris years later, after the death of his wife, to whom he was greatly attached, and the poem closes with this touching reference to his lost love:

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
—There's no one now to share my cup.

What a wonderful bit of word painting the gentle satirist has injected in that masterpiece, "The White Squall," which gives a humorous but graphic account of Thackeray's voyage on the Iberia to Palestine, showing the huddle, dirt and misery of the far east natives when—

. . . the ship and all the ocean
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal,
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hawling,
And the quarter deck tarponing
Was shivering in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

O, it is delicious humor throughout, and I have often fancied that Thackeray must have chuckled with contemplative glee as he let his pen riot over the convolutions of the groaning Greeks, the cries of the bearded Turks as they called upon Allah for protection, and the jabberings of the greasy rabbins, as they uttered woe and lamentation. As a boy I can recall how I laughed over that couplet:

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury.

With the subsidence of the white squall, which passed away as suddenly as it had appeared, came

the final stanza, when the true, kind heart of the poet speaks:

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And, as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea;
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

* * *

I think "Peg of Limavaddy" is one of the mildest of the Thackeray ballads. The author sketched her as she stood "scouring of a kettle," and his pen picture gives us the result. Doesn't this sound attractive?

See her as she moves,
Scarce the ground she touches,
Airy as a fay,
Graceful as a duchess;
Bare her rounded arm,
Bare her little leg is,
Vestris never showed
Ankles like to Peggy's;
Braided is her hair,
Soft her look and modest,
Slim her little waist,
Comfortably bodiced.

* * *

Have you ever read "The Mahogany Tree" aloud of a Christmas eve, back east, with the outdoor accompaniment of shrill winds and a low temperature? I have, in the days gone by, and the habit has clung until the Old Boy fancies he is again young as he quotes:

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.
* * * *
Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate;
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Many a time I have sat in memory in the old cane-bottomed chair in that "dingy little kingdom up four pair of stairs" of whose furnishings Thackeray tells:

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

* * *

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

* * *

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

Who can ever forget his ridiculous "Sorrows of Werther?" I must quote it in full, as it is short and so funny that it is a classic in itself:

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

But space forbids. I could go on for pages, reveling in this mixture of fun, pathos and hearty humanity. I confess to harboring a love for the man who wrote these playful, manly, altogether delightful poems, in which the kindly, genial disposition of the author is expressed in countless ways. Who is it that so foolishly classes Thackeray as a grumpy, snarling satirist? He has only to get well acquainted with these ballads to become convinced to the contrary. Tears and laughter blend in them with the neatest touch of caricature that marks the poet as a true artist. My love for Thackeray began with *Pendennis*, when I, too, was ambitious to be a writer for the newspapers, ages and ages ago, and it will be a part of me at the resurrection.

S. T. C.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

ANOTHER few days and the prolonged agony of the first direct primary election in California will be over. From all indications the people already have had their fill of the experiment, and when the cost is counted there will be other sensations besides satiety. It is not yet possible to say positively what the election will cost the state, but a conservative estimate is that the expenses of the preposterously voluminous ballots, the copious advertising, and the fees of election officers will foot up not less than \$1,500,000. What the numerous candidates have expended actually never will be known, but it is one of the puzzles of the day how candidates for comparatively insignificant and poorly paid offices have been able to flood the state with campaign "literature" from San Diego to Siskiyou. All the candidates in the contest for the governorship nomination have commanded liberal campaign funds, the total of which cannot be less than \$150,000.

* * *

That there were evils in the old convention system nobody doubts, but those evils were directly traceable to the people's indifference and neglect of the old party primaries. But no evil of the old system was comparable with the open invitation to fraud which we have witnessed in the present campaign. There being no rivalry among Democratic candidates for the principal state offices, tens of thousands of Democrats have registered as Republicans for the purpose of voting in contests in which they have no moral right to participate. If anyone doubts the truth of this statement, let him consider the figures of the San Francisco registration. The total registration is 67,513. Of this total 53,470 have registered as Republicans, against 9,056 Democrats. That is to say, the registration shows there are nearly six times as many Republicans as Democrats in San Francisco. There must be palpable, deliberate and wholesale fraud in such freak registration. Other figures of the registration are interesting. The Union Labor vote is cast as 2,804, Socialists 866, while the Prohibitionists and Hearst's Independence League ran a close race for booby prize with 59 and 67 adherents, respectively. Those who declined to profess party allegiance numbered 1,191.

* * *

Hiram Johnson appears to have shown himself in his true colors in Los Angeles last week. As a denunciator probably he has no equal in California. Some one evidently gave him a tip that he could increase his popularity in Los Angeles by anathematizing General Otis. His terrific tirade is said to have made the rafters of Simpson Tabernacle ring, but in cold type it reads like the onslaught of a brutally coarse and savage nature. "Dregs of infamy," "degenerate," "senile dementia," "gangrened heart" and "rotting brain" are the sort of phrases that Hiram Johnson can hurl with the adroitness of an adept. He is in his element in such an attack, and the people of Los Angeles saw and heard him at his best. And, perhaps, it has occurred to them that such a mastery of furious invective is a poor recommendation for a governor of California. I emphasize Johnson's attack upon Otis because it is characteristic of the man and the campaign he has made. For more than six months he has been up and down the state, denouncing by day and denouncing by night. He is a typical destroyer, and has not sounded a note of constructive policy since he started on his rampage.

* * *

If the Republicans of California are to nominate their candidate for governor by an appeal to blind passion, Johnson has the contest won, hands down. There is no doubt that Southern California will swing the verdict. Curry and Anderson are running neck and neck up here, and Johnson has rapidly lost ground since the Roosevelt trick was thoroughly exposed by Roosevelt himself. Johnson can only be nominated by the strength he has gained south of the Tehachapi. It is inconceivable that Southern California will neglect the opportunity of electing one of her own sons, an experienced legislator, a tried and successful man of affairs and a constructive statesman, and turn for aid and comfort to such a demagogue as Hiram Johnson has proved himself to be. Philip A. Stanton would make a governor in whom every Californian would feel proper pride. He fairly represents the pride, hope and joy of the state. Or do we want a governor whose very name now suggests torrents of abuse—"infamy," "shame" and "slavery"—the destructive catchwords on which he has based his whole reckless campaign? It is Southern California's choice between Stanton and Johnson.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, August 9, 1910.

CANTERBURY'S FAMOUS FOUNTAIN INN

FOR the Los Angelan in England in search of famous coaching inns, a glorious embarrass de richesse awaits him when he arrives at the grand old Cant-war, a byrg, or "city of the men of Kent," the history of which dates from a time antecedent to that to which the memory of men runneth. The Romans, when they first obtained a footing in the island, found here one of the principal settlements of the Britons. Here Christianity was first preached in England in 184, before Lucius, King of the Britons, who embraced the new faith, and here, four centuries later, Augustus was created first archbishop and began the building of the cathedral. Soon, indeed, did the cathedral and other churches of the city receive the bones of saints and martyrs and holy relics from Rome. Among the early sepulchres were those of Queen Bertha, saint and martyr; of Saint Mildred, the second abbess of Minster; of Saint Anselm and Saint Alphago. And consequent on its possession of these sacred remains the cathedral city of Canterbury, at an early period, became the resort of large numbers of pilgrims, not only from our own island, but also from Ireland, from the Scandinavian kingdoms, from Normandy, from France and even from more distant lands.

* * *

These frequent pilgrimages were a source of great wealth, not only to the cathedral, the churches and the religious houses, to which the pilgrims brought goodly offerings, but also to the city generally, for the visitors had to be boarded and lodged at their own charges, and so it happened that even in the days of Canute the Great, when houses of entertainment for man and beast were rare in any country, the city of the men of Kent boasted at least four good hosteries, "the fayrest in all the land," which inns, a by no means fanciful tradition declares, are still represented by the Fountain, the Fleece, the Fleur-de-lis, and the Rose, in which case it may fairly be added that the character just quoted has been maintained for eight hundred and eighty-three years. Certainly no set of inns in any town or city in England has been the subject of so many and such warm commendations from many generations of travelers as this. For today, however, we have nothing to do with the trio of inns which, curiously enough, derive their sign from the Rose of England, the Fleur-de-lis of France, and the Golden Fleece of Burgundy, the two latter showing how great must have been the influx of travelers from those countries in the Middle Ages to Canterbury, to induce the innkeepers thus to remember them in the arms of their houses.

* * *

I select the Fountain at Canterbury for this sketch for several reasons, which seem to me sufficient because its existence dates from a very remote period. I have heard it said the house derives its name from the Roman conduit which stood before its doors seventeen hundred years ago, but for the truth of this legend I cannot vouch. Even before the Conquest there is undoubtedly evidence of its establishment, as the wife of Earl Godwin lay for a night in the inn in St. Margaret's at Canterbury on her way to join her husband, and his gallant sons, Harold, Gurth, Tostig and Leofwine, at Westminster, on the memorable occasion when the Norman nobles, who were fattened and feasted by King Edward, the confessor, fled so precipitately back to their own country, at the frowns of the sturdy earl who had been outlawed by their base treachery, but had returned in person from Flanders to prove his innocence with many thousands of stout men of Kent at his back to support his pleading with solid and convincing arguments. Lanfranc, the first archbishop after the Conquest, took up his quarters at the Fountain during his periodical visits to the city, pending the rebuilding of his palace and the restoration of the cathedral.

* * *

About a hundred years later the Fountain was associated with one of the most important events in the English history of the time. July 7, 1170, four armed knights, followed by a single esquire, rode into the courtyard of the Fountain, and after stabling their horses, without, however, removing their equipment, partook hastily of refreshment, appearing most anxious the while to conceal their faces, and then departed on foot, leaving behind them the esquire, with stern injunctions to have their horses ready for them when they might return. Left alone, the esquire was not allowed to escape questionings of the host, but to all queries as to his lords he answered only that all were "noble knights, and he followed the noblest of the four." At length they returned in haste, and at once mounting their horses, rode away as

though, in the words of the ostler, "the devil were behind them." And so in very truth he was, if I may allow a guilty conscience to be a personification of the evil one, for hardly had they departed out of sight ere the bells of the cathedral, jangling harsh and out of tune, sounded an alarm, and on the citizens rushing to the church of the Holy Trinity, they learned that the proud archbishop, Thomas a Becket, had been murdered on the steps of the altar, and that the four knights who rode from the Fountain were his slayers. This murder or martyrdom was felt as a great calamity in Canterbury, for whatever the personal or political faults of the haughty prelate, he was a great benefactor to the city, but as it turned out, never did he serve it so well in his life as in his death. The Pope canonized him, the people of all Christendom made pilgrimages to his shrine, and for every pious traveler that had previously made his way to Canterbury there now came hundreds. These, of course, filled all the hosteries to overflowing, of whom a full share of the wealthier sort boarded at the Fountain, which was long of special interest to the curious who were anxious to see where the murderers took their meal and where their horses were stabled.

* * *

When King Edward I, the greatest of the Plantagenets, married his second wife, Margaret in 1299, in the northwest transept of Canterbury cathedral, a great crowd of princes and nobles were gathered in the metropolitan city, and among them was the ambassador of the emperor who wrote enthusiastically to his master thus: "The inns of England are the best in Europe, those of Canterbury are the best in England, and the Fountain, wherein I am now lodged as handsomely as if I were in the king's palace, is the best in Canterbury." This high praise need not be detracted from by the observation that the envoy had in all probability not tried the others, as it is at all events certain that the German was satisfied with his entertainment, and considering how notoriously loth his race is to acknowledge civilities, this goes for a good deal.

* * *

In June, 1376, the Fountain again was crowded from threshold to roof with a right noble company, but now no signs of rejoicing were heard in the city or in the inn. All England was mourning sadly, and bitterly, and truly their loss was a great one. The old king felt that all the joy and glory of his great and glorious reign had vanished; the people looked forward with apprehension to the perilous prospect of a boy king and a long minority, for their hope and pride, Edward, the Black Prince of Wales, was dead, and his body was now to be laid in the cathedral of Canterbury. Never had there been such a concourse before in this ancient city. Thousands were brought by duty, but tens of thousands were impelled by affection to pay their last tribute to the famous warrior, the greatest England had boasted since Richard of the Lion Heart, not even excepting his own great grandfather and father, the first and third Edwards; "John of Gaunt" and Lionel of Clarence, the prince's brothers; John de Greilly, his companions in arms; the young Lord of Hawkhurst, and many another knight and squire of Kent, among whom the Black Prince had been specially idolized.

* * *

Ten years afterward, in 1386, the Fountain held, indeed, an honored guest, for here did Geoffrey Chaucer take up his abode when he came to Canterbury, not as his own pilgrims had done, to kneel at the shrine of Thomas a Becket, for it was little that Chaucer the Lollard cared for shrines or Pope-made saints, but to be returned by the free voice of the people to parliament as knight of the shire for the county of Kent, and far in advance of the times, as a great man should be and generally is. It is related that he addressed the electors from one of the balconies of the Fountain on his and their duties, and this is, perhaps, one of the first genuine election speeches ever recorded. How many Canterbury pilgrims traveled not only from the Tabard in Southwark, London, but from every point of the compass to the Fountain it would be impossible to enumerate, but until the time of the Reformation, the constant inflow was never checked, and to a great extent the entire city, as well as the hosteries, lived on these visitors; the only manufacture carried on was that of "relics," for which peculiar branch of trade Canterbury was unrivaled throughout Europe. But the Reformation changed all this, and the city was almost depopulated, and it must have been bad times for the Fountain and other hosteries.

* * *

But, fortunately, the cultivation of hops was now beginning to be of importance, and then,

still further to assist the impoverished city, the Walloons, driven from their own land on account of their protestantism, settled in considerable numbers in Canterbury, and carried on largely their beautiful silk manufactures. Hops and silk brought wealthy merchants to the city to buy, and wealthier yeomen—so far as the former were concerned—to sell, and so the Fountain was once more filled. Traveling, too, became more general, and whether kings or common people journeyed between London and the continent, they usually quitted England either from Margate, or from Dover, and in either case made Canterbury their resting place. When the coaching days arrived, the Fountain of Canterbury was one of the most important stages and change houses on the London and Dover road, and also on the branch roads from the capital to Margate, Ramsgate, and other places. The posting at the Fountain was on the most extensive scale, for not only were the travelers numerous, but many of them were of the most exalted rank, so that four horses were as commonly ordered as two. It should be remembered, also, that Canterbury, being one of the "show places" of England, a large proportion of the wealthier travelers would stay one night at least at the Fountain in order to have time to visit the cathedral, the Dane John and other sights of the city.

* * *

Let it not be forgotten, either, that in due course of time came the uprising of Kent as the most powerful county in the tented field devoted to cricket, and that Canterbury was the headquarters of the county club. Let not him who desires to stay at the Fountain rashly go there in the cricket week without having ordered his rooms beforehand, otherwise he will be turned disappointed from the doors, for then is the house filled to overflowing, and especially with the magnates of the county, who congregate there to support, with their presence the gallant efforts of Lord Harris and present-day Kentish cricket men in upholding the glorious laurels of their loved country. That the Fountain is not likely to forget, in our time, the high character given to it by the German ambassador so many centuries ago, will be eagerly asserted by all who have been its guests in the years it has been under the control of mine host, William Fain, the present proprietor.

EDWIN A. COOKE.

London, July 30, 1910.

ROUND THE WORLD WTH ROB ROSS

[Robert E. Ross, son of the distinguished Judge Erskine M. Ross of the United States circuit court, a graceful writer and author of many charming stories and poems, has been touring the world with a view to gaining material for a book of travel sketches. His refreshingly original observations have appeared exclusively in *The Graphic* by special arrangement with this talented Los Angelan.—Editor.]

XII.—On the Home Trail

RUDYARD KIPLING, in the lyrical reflections of a certain bachelor, assures us: "There is peace in a Laranaga, there is joy in a Henry Clay." Aye, there is, and there is also joy, and subsequent peace, in the good dinner that precedes it.

I have just come up to my room from a good dinner, and as I write these lines I am inhaling the fragrant soul of a good Havana. The cigar would not be nearly so good had it not been preceded by an excellent dinner; and the dinner, however otherwise perfect, would be incomplete without the cigar. There is a balance in all things.

It is a sultry evening, and as I look from my window to where the lights of the capital are reflected in the waters of the Potomac, not a breath of air stirs the fringe of the folded awning above the casement.

So the dinner began with Little Neck clams, served on a mound of crushed ice; then followed a chicken gumbo, which, when I ate, I could hear the Louisiana negroes singing the old southern melodies. Cold lobster, decked cunningly with capers and cresses, next made me think of the rock-bound Maine coast, where cool Atlantic surges roar their eternal challenge. Finally, like another Ark, upon an Ararat of crushed ice, was served to me the best—the very best—aguacate, or, as we in the states call them, alligator pear, that I ever ate.

The aguacate recalled to mind the cobalt waters and palm-fringed coast of Waikiki beach, and a certain evening, and a certain girl, just about a year ago!

What a blessed thing memory is! Memory—and hope—help us over many a rough place in the road we all must travel.

* * *

New York was very muggy and uncomfortable and deserted. No one was there who could possibly be elsewhere, but nevertheless I met several

of my friends. Charlie Hastings came down from Narragansett Pier to meet me, and together we played a threesome at the St. Regis, and afterward saw "Girlyies" at the New Amsterdam, and later tried to cool off on the Astor roof.

"Girlyies" is a clever production, and well staged. Its chief attraction is a large chorus of really pretty and shapely young women, who are advertised as "All under twenty and none of them married." If this is true, all I can say is, there is a lot of sweetness going to waste—perhaps.

The first night that I was there, Saint Anthony Comstock was in attendance, to "investigate," and his presence brought down upon his foolish head the wrath of the manager, Mr. Thompson, in a fiery curtain speech, which was warmly applauded.

As for me, I wish papa would buy me the entire chorus!

The other third was a Girl, and I envied Charlie, for she was charming and made us forget the hot weather. Hastings was as gay and debonair as ever. Thermometers and barometers have no effect upon his unfailing good humor.

On the Astor roof I heard a familiar voice, and turned to see "Tootsie" Schumacher, or "Schummie," as he is called in New York. "Tootsie" has become a thorough New Yorker, though I think he still has a warm spot in his heart for California.

* * *

Circumstantial evidence has hung many an innocent man, and it sometimes happens that even direct evidence tends to wrong conclusions. There is a story in point:

Crossing from Liverpool to New York the other day, I sat at table next to a Scotchman—a woolen manufacturer from Glasgow—who was making his first trip to the states. All the others at the table were Americans, and the Scot came in for a good bit of chaff and tall stories on our part. Apropos of one of these yarns, a passenger told of the experiences of a timid young English girl, who some time ago was in New York for the first time.

Her friends noticed that the young woman showed an evident dislike to go about the streets alone, even in broad daylight. When questioned as to the reasons for her nervousness, she replied that she was afraid of the Indians and the buffaloes that, she had been told, often swooped down Broadway, loosing death and destruction.

Of course, her friends laughed at her absurd fears, and told her that the few buffaloes left were all in the national parks; and that as for the Indians, there were none nearer than the western reservations. Just at this juncture, however, a troop of mounted redskins, in war paint and feathers, came tearing up Broadway, in pursuit of a frantic buffalo!

Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show had been parading the city, and one of the buffaloes belonging to the troop had stampeded, with the result above noted.

After that, of course nothing could convince the young woman that the absurd stories with which her friends had been hoaxing her were untrue. She had had the evidence of her own eyes.

* * *

The "Arabic" anchored off quarantine at 11:30 p.m. It was a beautiful sight to see the myriad lights of the coast sweeping in two long curves on either side, as far as the eye could reach. Coney Island and Luna Park were ablaze with incandescents, and called forth exclamations of delight and admiration from those who were approaching these shores for the first time. The next morning, as we steamed up the bay, in passing the statue of Liberty, I was reminded of Max O'Rell's comment thereon, when he saw it for the first time: "If this be Liberty, then give me Death!"

* * *

This has been a long journey, but it is nearly over. I can almost see the end of the trail.

Sayonara,

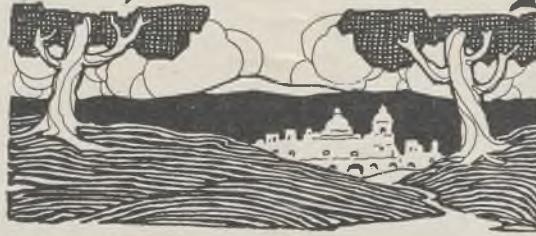
ROBT. E. ROSS.

Washington, D. C., July 31, 1910.

Member of Famous Field Family

There has recently come to Los Angeles for permanent residence, Rev. Henry M. Field, who is the last survivor of the well-known family that produced a justice of the supreme court of the United States and a brother who supplied the capital that laid the first cable across the Atlantic. The reverend gentleman was for years the editor of the best-known religious weekly in the United States. He says that he expects to live the remainder of his days in Southern California. Former President Strong of the Santa Fe is another national character who recently has come here to live.

By the Way



Rob Ross Home Again

Home from his globe-girdling tour, after an absence of a year, Rob Ross is receiving the individual greeting of his friends this week, extended in a way that unequivocally attests to the great personal popularity of the brilliant young writer, clubman and lawyer. Rob is looking a trifle more serious than when he left us, due to this increased knowledge of men and countries that insensibly adds mental stature to the traveler. He confesses to an acute attack of nostalgia in the last few weeks of his wanderlust, which made Los Angeles an ever-desired object of his attaining. Aside from his illness in the south of France, he met with no mishaps on his round-the-world journey, and returns home as fit as a fiddle. Tonight, at 7 o'clock, he will be the honored guest at a dinner given by a score of his friends at the California Club, when he will be invited to give an outline of his wanderings. Incidentally, several novel table decorations will be introduced, and a number of short welcoming home speeches will be on tap.

Charming Los Angeles Woman Honored

My felicitations to Mrs. Fielding J. Stilson, whose distinguished father, Mr. William Winter, has dedicated to his charming daughter his forthcoming book entitled "Shakespeare's England." Mrs. Stilson bears the name of one of the great bard's most attractive woman characters, Viola, and as she knows the England of today intimately, having passed a number of years in the tight little isle of Albion, the inscription is peculiarly fitting. I rejoice to note the assiduity of Mr. Winter's pen since he severed the galling bonds that bound him to the New York Tribune desk. Already three books of great literary and historic value have been given to the public within two years, and with this new one promised, which is certain to add to his laurels, all who enjoy polished English, combined with undeniable charm of presentation, may look for a literary treat.

What Tuesday's Primary Election Means

In the direct primary to be held Tuesday, the first in the history of the state, the voting will be for a complete list of state as well as county officers, including governor, lieutenant-governor, secretary of state, controller, attorney general, surveyor general, clerk of the supreme court, superintendent of public instruction, state printer, two justices of the supreme court, one railroad commissioner, one member of the state board of equalization, one member of the lower house of the national congress, three state senators, nine members of the state assembly, two supervisors, a county clerk, assessor, auditor, district attorney, recorder, treasurer, sheriff, surveyor, tax collector, superintendent of schools, public administrator, coroner, three superior court judges, four constables, four township justices, and four police justices. In addition, there will appear a place on the ballot for a preference for United States senator.

Analyzing State Ticket

It is interesting to analyze the personnel of a part, at least, of the Lincoln-Roosevelt, or so-called reform ticket. Heading the list of supreme court nominations is the name of Judge Sloss of San Francisco, who primarily was appointed to fill a vacancy by Governor Pardee, at the request of W. F. Herrin, it is intimated. At this time, Justice Sloss is the candidate of the regulars as well as of the reformers. He has made a fine record, and if Mr. Herrin is his sponsor he has done him credit. U. S. G. Webb, nominee for attorney general on the Lincoln-Roosevelt ticket, was named four years ago by the Santa Cruz convention, controlled by Abraham Ruef and Walter Parker. Friend W. Richardson, L.-R. choice for state printer, always was affiliated with the organization when he conducted a Republican newspaper in San Bernardino for several years. As a candidate for the position of postmaster of Berkeley, he was bitterly opposed by Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, head of the University of California, be-

cause of his assumed organization affiliations. Jeff McElwaine of San Bernardino, who is the L.-R. nominee for member of the state board of equalization in the Los Angeles district (incumbent), owed his position four years ago to Walter Parker. He had been Postmaster Stephen W. Kelly's San Bernardino county assessor prior to that time, where his tax figures never were objected to by either the Southern Pacific or the Santa Fe. There is excellent reason for believing that at this time neither road is vigorously opposing McElwaine.

Line-up of County Ticket

In the list of county nominations E. W. Hopkins, assessor; Charles L. Logan, recorder; John N. Hunt, treasurer; I. B. Noble, surveyor; Mark Keppel, superintendent of schools, incumbents, were named by the regular organization at the Venice convention four years ago, although a fight was made on Keppel, but his good record in office proved too strong for his political enemies to defeat him. Hopkins has proved an admirable official, and nothing derogatory of Logan and Hunt has been heard. County Surveyor Noble was the chief deputy of Leo V. Youngworth when the latter was at the head of the bureau, prior to his appointment as United States marshal, and it was Leo's strenuous work that secured for his former deputy the regular Republican nomination. Police Justices Chambers, Frederickson and Williams always have been affiliated with the regular organization. Sheriff Will A. Hammel, four years ago, was the ideal non-partisan candidate, having been endorsed by what at this time is the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, which this year, for unknown reasons, has shunted Hammel. But Billy is extremely popular, and although he has strong opposition, the chances are in favor of his securing the nomination to which he is entitled on his record.

Aspersing Judge Wilbur

Judge Curtis D. Wilbur, who aspires to a place on the state supreme bench, is meeting with cavalier treatment in the columns of the standpat Republican morning paper, and the reason therefore is not hard to find. Two or three years ago Judge Wilbur had occasion to impanel a grand jury, whose duty it was to investigate an alleged banking graft, if I recall the facts correctly. Charley Willard was a member of the inquisitorial body, on whom the Times trained its editorial and smaller bores for several days, until Willard had the principal Times owners cited before Judge Wilbur for alleged contempt of court. The latter imposed a stiff fine, from which sentence there was an appeal, the latter being sustained by the supreme court. Hence the sneering allusions to Judge Wilbur's religious attitude which his newspaper detractor alleges is a campaign trick. Everybody who is cognizant of Judge Wilbur's good work in the juvenile court knows to the contrary.

Remembered His Relatives

Joe Gans, former lightweight champion of the world, the negro whose prowess wrested the alleged supremacy from the white race in his class a few years ago, is dead in Baltimore. Gans was well known in this city, where he has relatives. He was here about a year ago, at which time he invested about \$10,000 in Santa Monica property, which he leaves to his mother. An aunt who is living in Los Angeles also will come in for a share of his estate.

If Conrey Should Defeat James

That Judge N. P. Conrey's candidacy for the short, or Taggart appellate court vacancy, is not regarded with favor by the supporters of Judge W. P. James, who had hoped that he would have no opposition, is not surprising. In the event that Judge Conrey should defeat Judge James the latter, doubtless, will be able to return to the superior bench by gubernatorial appointment, as Judge Conrey's term will have four years to run from January 1, 1911. Since the law makes it imperative for the successful candidate to qualify immediately after election, the retiring governor will have ample opportunity to exercise his prerogative.

Explaining Cause for Financial Tightness

Among bankers the leading topic is the reason for the tightness in speculative credit at this time. One contributory cause, doubtless, is found in the unusual number of persons from Southern California who have gone to Europe, or are touring the world. A cashier of a leading bank said to me: "Do you realize there has been withdrawn from circulation since spring in excess of a half million dollars by the people leaving here for continental and round-the-world trips? I know personally of a dozen persons who went away

early in the season, taking with them from five to ten thousand dollars each. Now this money never will come back, and if other banks than mine have had a similar experience it is not hard to figure just where part of our surplus has gone. Before long, of course, within sixty days, the world's high-class travel will be coming this way and we in Los Angeles will more than get this money back. In addition, we shall by the middle of next February receive the pay for our crops, which this season will be bigger than ever before.

"Tom" Peck's Combination Blotter

"Tom" Peck, general passenger agent of the Salt Lake road, is what is technically known as a "live" wire in the transportation business. He is a utilitarian, but a patriot withal. Take his office desk blotters, for example, advertising the "Safety, service and speed" of the Salt Lake, Union Pacific and Northwestern roads. The colors are red, white and blue, while a carpet of green in the panel showing a three days' flyer en route east attests to a due regard for Fred Wann's Emerald Isle. Whenever I use this artistic pad, to sop up superfluous ink these dog days, I find myself wishing I had an upper berth on the stately cowcatcher of the Los Angeles Limited that might be bearing me away to vacation scenes, where I could exchange a badly damaged digestive apparatus for a brand-new variety.

May Get G. A. R. Encampment

Los Angeles is in the race to secure the next grand encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, and when the order convenes in national assemblage at Atlantic City, in September, this city will be well represented, in the effort that will be made to have the 1911 session come to Southern California. When the similar meeting was held in San Francisco, a few years ago, it was agreed by the delegates from the north that the next time the state sought to capture the prize the honor would be conceded to this city. At that date the late Corporal Tanner was among the influential G. A. R. leaders to declare publicly that he would favor such a move. There is good prospect that the meeting next year will come here, bringing with it many thousands of visitors from up and down the coast and a big delegation from the east.

Coming Back to Stay

I hear that Gen. Robert Wankowski is not to return to his official post in San Francisco. He has been enjoying his vacation here among old friends for several weeks, and, according to report, he is about ready to resign his position of deputy state bank superintendent. The general would have liked the appointment at present being held in trust by Alden Anderson, which should have come south but for the interference of Governor Gillett, who, when he had an opportunity to give the place to Southern California, balked, and insisted that the incumbent retain the job and its \$10,000 a year salary. In this action the governor committed a tactical blunder, as the Anderson campaign for chief executive of California might have been considerably helped had the state banking position been conceded to Los Angeles. Just what General Wankowski's future plans are have not been determined.

Garlands at Lake Lucerne

Writing from Lucerne, Switzerland, Col. "Billy" Garland sends me a colored photograph of the Kursaal, where he and Mrs. Garland had just finished enjoying a fine dinner to the accompaniment of song, with native wines and fair women on the side, adding to the zest of the entertainment, and a full moon shining resplendently on beautiful Lake Lucerne, the golden waters of which they could see as they sat at table. Billy kindly adds, "How I wish you were here!" So do I, William, although eggs and milk is the only diet I have indulged in for two weeks, worse luck.

Putting on the Screws

I hear that the Lincoln-Roosevelt campaign committee has not been at all backward in applying the screws to the aspirants upon its state ticket for campaign expense money. All of the candidates endorsed were assessed \$500 each in the early stages of the primary fight, which funds were said to be necessary for the circulation of nominating petitions. As this work would not cost to exceed one-third of the sum stated, it was thought the first tax would provide the sinews of war for the entire campaign. But last week another appeal was sent out with the statement that more money was needed as the committee in Los Angeles was paying the expenses of the Johnson tour. As several of the Lincoln-Roosevelt candidates also are on the regular slate, they were fearful that if they failed to respond they might

incur the enmity of one faction, whereas if they permitted themselves to be persuaded, they might be slaughtered by the opposition. But these hesitating candidates finally decided to contribute, however, not a check but hard cash, that no ghostly voucher in future years should rise up to haunt them.

Details of Dr. Buell's Illness

Friends of the late Dr. E. C. Buell, who died recently at Genoa, following an operation for appendicitis, are anxious to get all the information they can concerning their friend's closing hours. They will, I know, appreciate the courtesy of his executor, Mr. Fred Walton, in letting me print the following letter, which he received from Mr. Koepfli this week. It is dated Genoa, July 23, and reads:

My Dear Walton:—Our good friend Buell has been in hard luck ever since we were in Japan, nor has he been in good health since. He left us in Venice nearly four weeks ago to go to Monte Carlo. He got no farther than here. After eating a light supper he sent for a physician in the middle of the night, and has been sick ever since. About two weeks ago they decided that he would require an operation for appendicitis. He wrote me at Munich and arranged with me that I should meet him at Milan and take him to Berne, Switzerland, to an operator in whom he had faith. But two weeks ago he was taken worse and Wednesday, July 18, he telegraphed me that he would have to be operated upon here. I took that night's train and got to the hospital here Thursday evening, the fourteenth, just as they had put him back to bed after operating. Now his operation is doing all right, but he is not. He is very weak, his heart and stomach both keep acting badly, he is very miserable, and the doctors won't say what his chances of recovery are. Since yesterday noon he has shown improvement, but he is not out of the woods by any means. It goes without saying that all is being done for him that can be, and I really believe that he has fallen into very good and competent hands, both as regards the nurses and the surgeon and physician. It is hard to see him in so sore a plight as he is in. I left my family at Munich, pass my days at the hospital and nights here. He is very hard to take care of, loses patience with the nurses and finds fault because they do not take his orders, but follow the surgeon's instructions. He will, if he does get well, be a long time doing it, and the remainder of his trip at best will consist in going to some place to recover his strength. I have tried to give you full information so that you can inform friends regarding him. I will hope for the best.

Of course, the result is known, but the details are yet to come. I hope to be able to give more information in a succeeding number of *The Graphic*.

Perry Wood Good Judicial Timber

Pasadena is more than justified in urging the qualifications of City Attorney John Perry Wood for superior court judge. I have a high regard for this alert young attorney, whose keen intellect has been attested in many a legal contest in which the opposition has arrayed against the representative of the municipality a battery of the ablest lawyers of the Los Angeles bar. Combining rare discretion with a good knowledge of the law, modest, aggressive, tireless, yet of a fair-minded, genial disposition and with a fine legal training, he strikes me as most admirable timber for the superior bench.

Skeptic Turns Enthusiast

One of the recent visitors at Long Beach was Dr. William H. Raymenton, president of the Worcester (Mass.) Natural History Society, who, after setting out for the coast as a skeptic, has returned to his eastern home an enthusiast concerning the glories of Southern California. Of the beauties of Mt. Lowe he writes in the Worcester Telegram in the warmest praise, and of the charms of Catalina, where he stayed for several weeks, he cannot speak too highly. As a naturalist, he was greatly interested in the aquarium at Avalon, of which he writes at length. Dr. Raymenton, it is apparent, has the germ well implanted. He says it is "good to be home again," but I'll wager a cookie he and his wife will be found registered as permanent settlers here before many months.

City Club at Redondo Today

I see that Gen. Homer Lea is to entertain the City Club at Redondo today, speaking on "The Valor of Ignorance." Homer is not great in stature, but he is death on the Japanese, and has written a book, bearing the title forming the topic for his address, which gravely discusses the possible Japanese invasion of America. Since Lieut.-Gen. Adna R. Chaffee has praised the work highly and Lord Roberts and General Hamilton on the other side of the Atlantic have spoken and written

of the book's value, it ill becomes a layman to offer adverse criticism, nor do I intend to do so. I think the Japs have about as much desire to invade America, vi et armis, as I have to occupy the city hall as its mayor. Even with Jim McLachlan "booring" about the "great peril" in the pages of the Congressional Record (for campaign purposes only), and General Homer nodding over his manuscript, the effort to "throw a scare" into our people has not been prolific of success. Still, the doughty little general makes out a most plausible case, and he is sure to give the City Club a good talk.

Bristol Pier no Longer a Morgue

Bristol Pier seems to have taken on a new lease of life at the far end where the cafe invites inspection. Formerly, the cafe was suggestive of gloomy emptiness, the effect of which the presence of a few somnolent waiters in nowise dissipated. This season all is changed. The immense palm garden, with its beauty and great plate windows, has awakened with life. The vast room no longer echoes. Instead, it is filled with a gay throng and rushing waiters. A woman's orchestra discourses good music, and performers interpolate numbers of a down-to-date character. The cuisine is attractive, and out on the broad pier the automobile sheds house a battery of costly limousines and touring cars. The patrons of this out-at-sea resort comprise the best-known people of Los Angeles and the county. I congratulate Messrs. Schneider & Fieber on the success of their enterprise.

Dr. Burton Has the "Germ"

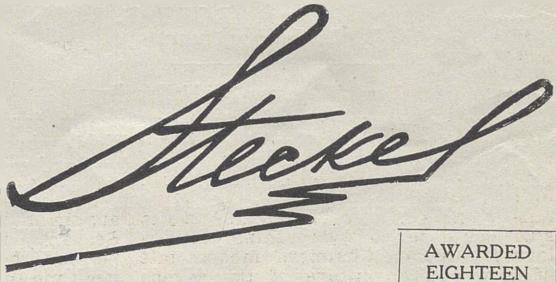
Dr. Richard Burton, whose delightful lectures on the drama and about dramatic writers have been a feature of the summer term at the Cumnock School, is gradually acquiring the California habit. This is his third visit to the coast, and each time he comes the longing to remain grows stronger. His letters back to the Minneapolis Bellman attest his love for the California climate. Last week he waxed poetic as he described the glories of the Golden Gate and again this week he is found commiserating with the poor fellows of the effete northwest who are enduring the hot weather while he is reveling in an ever-cool, clear, wind-swept clime. I am curious to see what new adjectives he will employ to portray his rapturous regard for the Los Angeles brand.

Gentle Soul Called Away

One of the kindest and gentlest souls that ever inhabited human body escaped its mortal frame last week when the spirit of Frederick Fischer took flight. Had Mr. Fischer lived until next April he would have celebrated his ninetieth birthday, sixty-five of which were passed in this country, he being a native of north Germany. For more than half a century he was a resident of Chicago, where he amassed a handsome fortune as a partner in the wholesale grocery house of Reid, Murdock & Fischer. Retiring from the firm in 1888, after being a widower for seven years, he married Mrs. Mary Wood Powers, daughter of Judge Enoch Wood of Chicago, and a sister of Mrs. Plympton of Perris, Cal. In 1902 Mr. and Mrs. Fischer came to Los Angeles to live in a beautiful home they bought on Bonnie Brae street, which they only recently vacated for a larger and sightlier residence on Andrews boulevard, where Mr. Fischer suddenly died after a brief illness. A kindlier spirit than his one seldom meets in this avaricious world. He did much good in his quiet, retiring way, and was happiest when helping others. He will be greatly missed.

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Books

Choice of the Grand Canyon as the setting for a modern novel is rather daring. Its very grandeur demands a greatness and power that present day literary efforts do not manifest. Few men, among whom Major Powell was the first daring adventurer, have succeeded even in surviving the dangers of a trip through the main canyon, much less exploring its side fissures. But, inspired by the picture writings upon the high cliffs, by the Indian pottery which bears mute testimony to the influence of Aztec skill and thought and by indications of a great race passing through the land, James Paul Kelly has conceived a situation that is novel, if not great.

Professor Raymond, hading under this modest name his Mexican title and rank of Don Ramon Navarez, accompanied by his lovely daughter, Mariam, and his beautiful niece, Isabel, comes to this region seeking to prove a pet theory regarding the possible fate of the Aztecs whom Cortez drove out of Mexico. Observes the professor:

Prescott says, seventy thousand of them in a body evacuated the City of Mexico with the honors of war "going west." There were at least half as many who had left during the siege, carrying their treasures with them, so that it is safe to assume that at least one hundred thousand of them were banded together. There lies the mystery. What became of them?

Examine a map of Old Mexico, almost the whole of which was once under the dominion of the Montezumas, and you will immediately pick out, as the only possibly westward course, the lower sweep of the Gulf of California. They coasted north along the inner line of the gulf until they came to the mouth of the Colorado river. They ascended the canyon, and here have recently been found their hieroglyphics.

Black Eagle, a noble Havasupai Indian, joins the party in this hazardous exploration expedition. Two Aztec cities, Luxtol, the Pearl City, and Ixtol, the Red City, located in an "unexplored side canyon of an immensity only to be guessed at, which branches out from an extremely hazardous portion of the river," are discovered. "Prince Izon" rules over the former which bows to the sign of the cross, while Topeltzin, a priest of the ancient religion, dominates the latter, which worships at the shrine of Tezcatlipoca, god of youth and licentious pleasure. The capture of Izon, Black Eagle, and the two young women, by the forces of Topeltzin, the threatened sacrifice of Izon as a living victim on the altar of Tezcatlipoca, together with the dark plots of Topeltzin, and the miraculous preservation of the four Christians from the powers of darkness and sin form a thrilling climax. Of course, there is love interest to add zest and complication to the affair.

From the ruins in Mexico the writer builds the temple of the Red City, and the teocalli whereon human sacrifices are offered; the arts and crafts of the ancient civilization in pottery, feather weaving and finer evidences of manual skill, and the extreme cruelty and sensuousness of the sacrificial rites, are revived in the festal days. As Christ and Gautama were tempted, so is Prince Izon, and he acquires himself nobly. There is a moral in this allegory, but whether the reader takes note of this, or finds a further hidden meaning, does not alter the fact that here is a novel and entertaining bit of fiction which more distinct colors and firmer touch in painting the exquisite beauty of the canyons would improve greatly. ("Prince Izon.") By James Paul Kelly. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"When Love Calls Men to Arms"

Thrillingly elemental and poetically attractive as well is the title "When Love Calls Men to Arms," for have not several famous wars owed their origin to the witchery of beauty and feminine charms and does not the world still continue to sympathize with a lover? Stephen Chalmers' modest tale of love and adventure of the seventeenth century when the first Scots Jamie occupied the English throne is set to the wild, shrill music of the pibroch, and right vigorously it moves along. By the coming of the Spanish armada to the English channel, the

wreck of La Trinidad and the miraculous salvation of Don John of Murcia a heroine is introduced calculated to incite several generations of "hielan" clans to bloodshed. And Rorie Maclean is such a blind, clumsy lover that there is plenty of excitement in the camps of the Campbells and the Macdonalds about the Firth of Clyde and Cowal. Early Scottish customs are good materials with which to spin, to which has been added a spice of Spanish romance. Bordeaux, friend of Will Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and other luminaries of the day, and Alexander Macmurtie, attorney-at-law, with his inevitable "Mebbe ye prefer rappie. I'm paiftial to the broon cannel, masel. Hoot toot," are whimsical comedians who relieve the intensity of the dramatic situations when things get too trying or gory. Howard Chandler Christy has pictured a bonny Mariposa to accompany the story. ("When Love Calls Men to Arms.") By Stephen Chalmers. Small, Maynard & Co.)

"The Pursuit"

Frank Saville's new story, "The Pursuit," is certain to find large favor in the eyes of the popular-novel reading public. Thrills! A new one every moment! The tale is widely melodramatic—a sort of glorified dime novel so far as plot goes. John Aylmer, an Englishman, is the hero. Aylmer's cousin, Lord Landon Aylmer, is a scoundrel, who has driven his wife to the divorce courts and thence to a sanitarium, where she endeavors to regain her shattered nerves. Not content with this, Landon makes life miserable for his wife's sister, Claire Van Arlen, who has charge of Landon's small son, by making attempt after attempt to kidnap the boy. At length Claire and her nephew are driven to Tangier, and here John Aylmer appears on the scene. Naturally, Claire regards him with distrust, even after he has twice saved the youngster. Finally, Lord Landon succeeds in capturing his son, and John Aylmer immediately takes up arms in behalf of Claire. A mad pursuit ensues. Strange adventures, hairbreadth escapes follow, but end in Messina, where Landon meets his fate. Then, of course, John Aylmer goes to Claire to claim his reward. The story has a breathless sort of interest and the author has a knack of bringing about the unexpected in a way that adds zest to the reading. But it is in the clever writing of it that Mr. Saville's ability is demonstrated. Those readers who dote on word pictures will gloat over Mr. Saville's descriptions. Tangier, which sees most of the story's action, is painted in vivid colors with carefully chosen language. The strange people, their customs, the picturesque huts, etc., are laid before the reader like a panorama. The earthquake and consequent tidal wave at Messina are depicted strongly and dramatically. A commendable thing about his descriptions is that the author does not wax garrulous, but makes a few words serve to give the reader a glowing, living impression. The book has literary merit of a high order. ("The Pursuit.") By Frank Saville. Little, Brown & Co.)

Magazines for the Month

September's issue of the Delineator contains the usual budget of fashion notes, several entertaining stories, a number of articles of special interest and readable contributions to the special departments. Of the fiction stories are "Out of the Wilderness," by Dorothy Canfield; "Love and Mademoiselle Clemence," by Helen Stirling Thomas; "The Brother-Man," by Zona Gale, and the installment of Mary Stewart Cutting's "The Unforeseen." Among the articles of interest are "Seven Times a Servant," the chronicles of actual experience, by Anne Forsythe; "The Danger Line in Patent Medicine," by Woods Hutchinson, M.D.; "To the Witness Stand—The Workingman's Wife," by Mary G. Field. These and many more contributions serve to give the current issue a special interest to its readers.

BALZAC AS A MYSTIC

BY LUKE NORTH

Balzac's most ardent admirer could scarcely deny that his "Louis Lambert" was written to enable its author to express certain mystical perceptions and philosophical reflections. In the summer of 1832 he wrote it, and in December of the following year he began his wonderful tale of the beautiful Norwegian Androgyn, Seraphitus-Seraphita. Two months of uninterrupted work sufficed to produce "Louis Lambert," while "Seraphita" was not finished till the winter of 1835. There are less than two hundred pages in each of these tales, and while in neither is there a justifying lack of dramatic interest, it cannot be denied that the pages of both are heavily cumbered with mystical and philosophic speculation that might have been omitted without marring the stories.

But they are both "purpose" stories. "Louis Lambert" was written to show the life of a prophet and seer, to depict how a human being might keep his feet on earth and yet gain residence in a world, a sphere, a plane, or a degree of consciousness far removed from concrete, external life. As for "Seraphita," one is tempted to believe that this tale was written for the express purposes of presenting the Swedenborgian philosophy and for the everlasting confusion and destruction of the materialistic philosophy.

But to write novels for the purpose of expressing truth or philosophy, almost any critic will tell you, is "bad art." Philosophical reflections should creep into a story rather as decorative effects, and should never be permitted to obtrude themselves. (See rule 438 on "How to Write Masterpieces.") While Balzac's admirers are unable to deny his guilt in the transgression of this rule and in the transgression of about every other imaginable rule ever made and provided for the safeguarding of the romancist's art—they are secretly glad of his literary sins, and would not lose from his books a single line thereof. Balzac paid little attention to the rules and the unities. He was so busy writing novels that he found no time for the study of how to write them. He heeded the canons of art as little as did the numerous company of men and women whose wonderful, beautiful, terrible, pathetic, or tragic lives he painted in such vivid colors on his world-size canvas called "La Comédie Humaine."

On the horizon of the nineteenth century there is just one other painter of men and women who looms as towering as Balzac, and that is Tolstoy, whose work shows the same disregard for the rules and the unities. These two are the giants among novelists. Why do they tower so? Is it because they scorned the canons of their art? By no means. They tower in spite of their crudities, not because of them. And yet, the strength of their work inheres in that very thing wherein they trespassed. Both are philosophers first, and then novelists. Balzac wrote to express his mysticism. Tolstoy's work has been to express his humanitarianism.

"Louis Lambert" is the story of a man who wandered away off into the cosmic wilderness, penetrating realms of existence if it were bootless to attempt to explain in language. It is a unique tale, probably having no parallel in literature until last year, which saw the publication of Upton Sinclair's "Overman." One who reads the latter book and is familiar with "Louis Lambert" must be struck with the essential unity of the two tales, though in outward garb they bear no resemblance, and Sinclair's lacks the sex interest and the philosophical wealth that Balzac bestowed upon his so lavishly.

Louis Lambert's single love affair calls to mind Lamartine's "Raphael"—not that the two resemble each other in a narrative way, but that both stand out as a pair of big white diamonds might flare in a sea of rubies, garnets, carnelians, and other highly colored gems to which may be likened the numerous romances of the world from "Daphnis and Chloe" to the "Thais" of Anatole France. The singular white heat tension to which each attained by reason of circumstances that prevented the physical expression (and explosion) of the sex attachment marks both of the tales as daringly unique among all the French love stories. In "Raphael"

the death of the woman extinguishes a flame that was burning out the gross of the sex instinct.

But Balzac is always trying to reach back of appearances. His mystical bent and his admiration for and his evident familiarity with the works of Swedenborg led him, in this one tale at least, to appraise the sex love at its highest value, and employ it as the stimulus which finally enables his hero to reach these subtler realms that reason seems to argue must lie behind the external world of effects. Wisely and logically, Balzac refrains from any attempt to portray the incidents, circumstances and intelligences indigenous to this hidden realm—therein betraying a rational modesty and forbearing much to be commended to the modern "spiritualists," who are so ready to tell us all about the "spirit world." Is it not a manifest absurdity to attempt to depict the "soul plane," say, for the lack of a better term, in a language made and provided solely for the interchange of ideas relating to this plane of effects?

Such trifling inconsistencies, of course, are no bar on the loquacity of the seance room medium, but they were sufficient to give Balzac pause. At the portal of the other world he drew the reins on his imagination, and that very fact makes his "Louis Lambert" a plausible piece of fiction, well worth one's serious study for the depth of its philosophy as well for its rare beauty.

Louis Lambert was a precocious boy, who neglected his school books for purely introspective studies. While yet in school he surreptitiously elaborated an interesting treatise on will, of which Balzac gives us a tantalizing outline. Before it was quite finished the head master discovered it. Louis was flogged and the treatise was sold to the grocer for wrapping paper. Such are the exciting adventures of Louis' life. Ideas were his sensations, and the most sensational events were scarcely ideas to him. Being still somewhat human, Louis falls in love, and by the force of this passion he finally steps out into the world beyond, wherein he passes most of his time, being dumb and heedless to this sphere, in which he is adjudged insane by all but the faithful woman who understands and vaguely shares with him the knowledge which Balzac does not attempt to disclose.

Red Blood Poetry Contrasted

Is red-blood poetry to crowd out other kinds, as the red-blood short story has crowded out its brothers? This query, remarks the New York Post, is suggested by a bit of rhyme-and-meter printed in Collier's and called "The Spell of the Yukon." It professes to hint the mystery of nature in Alaska. We are reminded of the thoughts of an English poet in the Vale of Chamouni: Thou, too, hour Mount! with thy sky-pointed peaks, Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—

Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven, Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky And tell the stars, and tell thy rising sun Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

That was the attitude of 1802. Now speaks 1910:

There's the land, (Have you seen it?) It's the cussèdest land that I know, From the big, dizzy mountains that screen it To the deep, deathlike valleys below .

The strong life that never knows harness; The wilds where the caribou call; The freshness, the freedom, the farness— O God! how I'm stuck on it all.

It is not without profit to contrast the feeling and expression of Samuel Taylor Coleridge in the Vale of Chamouni with Robert W. Service in the Yukon valley. The point lies in the respective attitudes toward the everlasting hills. Eighteen hundred and two looks up to them; nineteen hundred and ten finds no difficulty whatsoever in looking down upon them.

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Music

By Blanche Rogers Lott

Busoni, the great pianist who may be a visitor here next season, in writing to an Italian paper of musical conditions in America, says: "Musical societies such as the Boston Symphony, the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, and the Kneisel Quartet are first-rate organizations, but America will only be able to take her place in the ranks of the musical nations when there is an American school of music as there is an Italian, a German or a French school. Schools of art grow out of the soil; out of idealism and out of true religious feeling. Not the religious feeling that finds expression in mere ritualistic observances, but religious feeling which raises the hands and eyes toward higher things. But the soil comes first. From it arises the musical character of a nation and molds itself into melodies of its own and adapted to its own peculiar circumstances. The root idea is the Volkslied, which in northern countries sings of the blazing hearth and of good cheer, and in southern latitudes of tepid, starlit nights. The highest ideals of America are liberty and unity. But where is the great epic of liberty which fires all bosoms? Where is the great chain of folksongs which interpret the country's history? Negro and Indian songs do not speak of the great American nation. The United States they know not. The soil is not yet ripe. Traveling across the boundless prairie I have seen how much remains to be done. But the seed will germinate and there will arise the great American song of liberty and unity and of the true American ideal. It will mark the birth of American musical art."

Miss Edna Darch, the singer and pianist, who has been a member of the Royal Opera of Berlin several years, has returned to Los Angeles and will remain until the season opens in New York. It is certainly to be hoped she will sing publicly while she is here. The reminiscences of the Misses Darch, Paloma Schramm and Olga Steeb, former students together under Mr. Becker, and now all returned to their home city, would be interesting.

From London comes a card from Mrs. Gertrude Parsons and Miss Lucile Dickson, the two musicians in charge of the Los Angeles polytechnic high school music, reporting the hearing of beautiful music, some of which was a credit by Blanche Marchesi, with Liza Lehmann at the piano. Mme. Lehmann will be among Mr. Behymer's attractions next season, accompanied by a quartet of singers.

Miss Mary Carter, who went to Europe with Mr. and Mrs. Lott, three years ago, and who remained in Leipzig, under the vocal teacher, Mrs. Carl Alves, will return to Los Angeles in the early fall.

That sterling organization of men, the Ellis Club, has been having a vacation since its last splendid concert, but rehearsals will be resumed August 23. Although this is an old, established club, good voices always are accepted, and men with voices better than the ordinary, whether amateur or professional, and who are interested in the presentation of worthy compositions written for male chorus, should grasp the opportunity of associating themselves with the Ellis Club at the beginning of its season.

Mme. Tetrazzini, having refused the offers made by the New York and Chicago opera companies, intends to give a concert tour in this country next season. "In a year or two," she writes, "I shall be heard again in opera. An offer already has been made me by a new manager, with ample financial backing, and probably it will not be two years before New York will again have a new opera house and company," says the New York Evening Post. In San Francisco, where Mme. Tetrazzini was a great favorite for two years before her sensational "discovery" in London,

she will appear in opera as well as in concerts, under Mr. Leahy, who was the manager of the Tivoli Theater in that city in the days of her former triumphs.

Mrs. Gertrude Ross Harris, the pianist, has returned from Berlin, where she has been studying, and will resume her active work which has been in the line of accompanying.

Among the novelties of the London Queen's Hall Orchestra, Henry Wood, conductor, will produce at the promenade concerts, is Arthur Foote's suite for strings. It is a rare occurrence for an orchestral work by an American to be given by an English orchestra, or any foreign orchestra for that matter.

Estimates place the students who will graduate from American conservatories this season at 36,422, according to the Musical Courier.

Park Commissioner Stover of New York city, who is in charge of the music in the parks, has provided orchestral music of high class this season and says it is being much appreciated by larger crowds than have ever listened to out-of-doors music.

Francis Macmillen, the Ohio violinist, who has conquered Europe by several seasons of first-class violin playing, already has been engaged by ten of the leading American orchestras to appear as soloist.

Felix Weingartner has given up the struggle against contemporary music, says Musical America. He maintains that all that is new in music today is based on superficialities. "Back to simplicity, to Mozart," is the slogan he would adopt. "No sensible musician can make any objection to having Mozart brought nearer to us," comments August Spanuth in Die Signale, "but it must not be forgotten that a general production cannot be forced into certain directions by any human power, least of all, in art."

At a patriotic celebration in Cracow there was unveiled a monument to the Polish king, Ladislaw Jagollo, which was erected at the expense of the pianist, Ignace Jan Paderewski. Mr. Paderewski attended the celebration and was given a great ovation by the many thousands of Poles and Russian Poles who attended the ceremonies of the unveiling.

Leoncavallo is at work on a new opera, "Prometheus."

In connection with the exhibition to be held in Rome, it is now definitely decided that there will be a season of opera by the Metropolitan opera company.

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U. S. Land Office at
Los Angeles, Cal., July 14, 1910.
Notice is hereby given that John G. Martin,
of Calabasas, Cal., who, on July 5, 1908, made
homestead entry No. 10854, Serial No. 03650,
for W. $\frac{1}{2}$, S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$, N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$, S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$, Section
34, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian,
has filed notice of intention to make
five year proof, to establish claim to the land
above described, before U. S. Land Office at Los
Angeles, Cal., on the 23d day of September, 1910.
Claimant names as witnesses: Philip Le Sueur,
Sam J. Cooper, Charles Harder, John Hetman,
all of Calabasas, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
Date of first publication, Aug. 13, 1910.

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Art

By Everett C. Maxwell



EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK
Southern California Painters and Sculptors—
Long Beach Library.
Art Students' League—Blanchard Gallery.

Our last "little journey" to the studio home of Elizabeth Waggoner brought us into close intimacy with the charms of the Arroyo Seco, at Garvanza, along whose rugged oak-studded brink so many of our leading painters and literary workers have pitched their tents. As we considered the romantic and picturesque qualities of this locality, there remains no question in our minds by people of Miss Waggoner's tastes and accomplishments seek out such a place in which to woo the goddess of art, yet hers is but one among many interesting studios in the vicinity, and while we are in the Arroyo mood, let us make a little journey across to the Pasadena side and pay a short visit to the truly beautiful gallery studio of Franz Bischoff.

Descending the bank below the "owl's nest," at the Waggoner studio, we cross, by means of stepping stones, a shallow creek, and beyond find a winding path which leads through tangled undergrowth to the opposite bank. Ascend an oak-shaded path, and we are at the very doorstep of the handsome concrete gallery workshop of a man, who, for many years, has held first place in the field of keramic art in America, and who now is rapidly developing into one of California's foremost landscape and flower painters. China-painting art lost one of its most illustrious exponents when Franz Bischoff deserted the ranks for the broader field and higher plane of the "legitimate." By his conscientious endeavors and his rare ability as a colorist and designer, he raised the craft above the mechanical applying of dyes and lustres to traced outlines and produced in many instances true works of art. For many years he toured the states, forming classes in keramic art in many of the large cities. He also wrote upon the subject and many will remember his color plates of designs, published in "The Art Amateur," "Art Interchange" and "The Keramic Studio."

* * *

But I am digressing from my subject, for just now we are interested in the studio. The building is constructed of solid concrete, and is a story and a half in height. The architectural design is an adaptation of Italian renaissance, well carried out and of pleasing effect to the eye. The entrance is massive and imposing. Two columns support a pediment of classic design, the great doors of oak and stained glass paneling swinging beneath it. The gallery proper is a room 36 by 40. It is a story and a half high, with concave ceiling, and lighted by half circle skylights, set deep in arched recesses on either side. The floors are of solid oak and are covered with old Turkish rugs and polar bear skins. The woodwork throughout the building is natural redwood, waxed. The doors and panelings are Gothic in design. The walls of the picture gallery are covered with natural colored burlap and the ceiling is French gray. The furnishings are of oak in mission pattern, and are massive and very comfortable. Couches covered with antique bagdads, and pedestals supporting rare pottery are scattered about the room. The chief charm of this gallery, aside from Mr. Bischoff's own work, is an immense fireplace of dull yellow and brown tiles, which almost fills the west end of the room. A nearby corner is given over to cases of ceramics and the remaining wall space is well covered with examples of Mr. Bischoff's late work in landscape and flower subjects.

* * *

Ascending a short flight of steps, and turning to the right, we enter the studio itself. A large picture window, set in an alcove, commanding a panorama view of the arroyo and distant mountains, attracts us at once. It is small

wonder that Mr. Bischoff paints arroyo subjects so poetically. The room is furnished in Flemish oak, with easy chairs and low divans and great cabinets for the storing of materials. In the basement another surprise awaits us in the form of a second complete workshop for keramic painting. It is tinted a pale green and well-lighted by many tiny, diamond-paned windows. Beyond, at the end of a quaint hall, is a laboratory for preparing mineral colors for china, besides a splendid kiln for firing it.

* * *

Franz Bischoff was born in northern Bohemia, and at an early age began his art training in a crafts school in his native town. At the age of eighteen he went to Vienna where he began the study of applied design, water color, and keramic art. At the age of twenty-one he came to America, soon obtaining employment in a leading china factory as a designer. When china painting first came into vogue in this country, Mr. Bischoff seized his opportunity and was soon established in a studio of his own. His success was instantaneous; his popularity almost phenomenal. In 1887 he went to Detroit and opened a studio, remaining there until he came to Southern California, four years ago. After deciding to make Los Angeles his home, he maintained a studio in Blanchard Hall while his artistic home and gallery studio in Lincoln Park was in course of construction.

* * *

California Art Club held its regular monthly business meeting Saturday evening, August 6, at the studio of Aaron Putnam, 208 North Main street. In the absence of President Frank Liddell, Past-President A. C. Connor presided. Plans were made for the California Art Club night at the Chautauqua exhibition now in progress at the Long Beach Public Library. The evening of Saturday, August 13, has been set apart by the Chautauqua art committee for a special reception to members of this club and their friends. On this occasion, William Wendt will speak on "Art Students Life in Munich," and Charles P. Austin on "The Bohemian Life of Paris." Let all who can, be in attendance.

* * *

Art Students' League will hold an exhibition of the work of its pupils in Blanchard Gallery, beginning Monday and continuing throughout the week. This will be the first showing since Mr Christador assumed charge of the classes and will include work in charcoal and oil. Rex Slinkard, a former pupil, who has been studying under Henri in New York, will exhibit work. Prue Carter will have a number of illustration as well as life drawings and sketches. He left a few days ago for New York.

* * *

The price which any picture of Corot now brings was shown at the Hotel Druot last week, when a very small canvas, called "L'Etang" (The Lake) and measuring only about eighteen inches by ten, was sold for \$4,040. The painting is judged by experts to be in the most characteristic style of Corot. The price obtained, however, only caused surprise by its smallness, as the picture was expected to command between \$5,000 and \$6,000.

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Social & Personal.

By Ruth Burke

Guests invited to a shower given Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Jones of 1128 Logan street, in honor of Miss Myrtle L. Gonzales, who is to marry their son, Mr. J. Park Jones, in the near future, were given a surprise when they were called upon to witness the marriage of the host and hostess' daughter, Miss Isabella Caldwell Jones, to Mr. Benjamin A. Davis. The home had been prettily decorated for the occasion, and while the guests were merrily tendering felicitations to Mr. Jones and his bride-elect, Miss Jones slipped from the company. A few minutes later Miss Gonzales and Miss Georgina Dayes Hill, who is the betrothed of another son of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. Charles M. Jones, Jr., were called from the room. The strains of the wedding march announced the return of the young woman, and a moment later Rev. Frank J. Mundy of Hollywood read the marriage service for Miss Jones and Mr. Davis. The bride wore a robe of baby Irish lace over white chiffon, with orange blossoms in her hair. She carried a sheaf of white roses. Miss Gonzales and Miss Hill served as maids of honor. Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. David left for a wedding trip in the north.

Announcement is made from Honolulu of the marriage there of Miss Angel Valentine Miles, sister of Mrs. G. E. M. Wilson of that city, to Mr. Horace Burton King. The wedding took place Wednesday, July 27, and is of more than passing interest to Los Angeles society folk, as both principals are well known here. The bride, who is a young woman of pleasing personality, left early in the summer for a visit in Honolulu, but at that time no inkling was given her many friends here and in Redondo of the plans of her marriage. Mr. King also has many friends in Los Angeles.

As a distinct surprise to a host of friends was the marriage Monday of Dr. Robert V. Day, a well-known physician and surgeon of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Noran of Chicago. Plans for the nuptials were not divulged to friends or relatives, and their first intimation of the romance which the doctor had been fostering, was in the reading of the marriage license. At present, Dr. and Mrs. Day are at Balboa Beach, whence they will return later to Los Angeles to make their home.

Betrothal Announcements

Particular interest is aroused by the announcement made of the betrothal of Miss Lucy S. Carson, youngest daughter of Mrs. Victoria Carson of the Carson ranch, Dominguez, to Mr. Shirley Olympius of this city, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Olympius of Salt Lake City. The engagement culminates a friendship begun at the opening of the aviation meet at Dominguez Rancho, when the young couple met for the first time and while relatives and intimate friends knew of the betrothal, formal announcement was not made until recently. At a "surprise" barn dance, given for the young bride-elect, Father Burke, told of the betrothal and approaching wedding. Miss Carson is the granddaughter of Don Miguel Dominguez, who was an officer in the Spanish government, and her family is one of the oldest and proudest of the state. She is an attractive blonde, petite and of winning personality. Date for the wedding will be set for in November, and will be one of the brilliant events of the early winter season.

Of particular interest to many friends in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara is the announcement made by Mr. and Mrs. Dario Orena of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Anita Virginia Orena, to Mr. Thomas Wilson Dibblee of Santa Barbara. Both Miss Orena and her fiance are members of the oldest and most prominent Spanish families in California. The Orenas for several years lived in Los Angeles, and only recently went up to their ranch at

Los Alamos. They are wealthy and of high social connection, as is the family of the groom-elect. The latter's mother is Mrs. Francisco De La Guerra Dibblee, a descendant of a wealthy old Spanish family, whose name is inseparably linked with the state's early history. Mr. Dibblee's father, the late Thomas Dibblee, died a number of years ago. No date has been set for the wedding, but the event will doubtless be one of much brilliance.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Evelyn Lewis to Mr. Harry Earl Jones of this city. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mrs. J. Vance Lewis of 808 Harvard boulevard, they having come to Los Angeles recently from Washington to make their home here. Date for the wedding has not been set.

Formal announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Mabel Dreisbach and Mr. Frank D. Knight. Thursday Miss Strong of 685 South Coronado street entertained with a miscellaneous shower for Miss Dreisbach, who will be feted with other informal pre-nuptial affairs in the near future.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Henrietta Margaret Holle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Holle of 1700 West Fourteenth street, to Mr. Gavin Young. The wedding will take place October 25 at Christ church.

Society Events Ahead

In honor of the visiting delegates to the national convention of the American Bankers' Association to be held in Los Angeles, October 3 to 7, and in compliment to the women in the parties, it is planned to give a number of social entertainments, and wives of the local prominent bankers already are arranging details for the various functions. At a recent meeting several committees were selected and the following chairmen were appointed: Mrs. Stoddard Jess, committee on arrangements for an afternoon lawn party; Mrs. M. P. Snyder, chairman of the committee to arrange a Spanish entertainment and dinner to be given at Casa Verdugo; Mrs. Joseph D. Radford, assisted by Mrs. W. W. Woods, to arrange for theater entertaining, and Mrs. Motley H. Flint, assisted by Mrs. J. E. Fishburn, will be in charge of the committee to care for hotel accommodations.

Friends here are finding much pleasure in the entertaining of Miss Mary L. Jones, former librarian, who has been visiting here since June. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Horace R. Boynton of 1825 South Figueroa street gave an informal tea for Miss Jones, guests including a group of eight or ten of the latter's friends here. Saturday of next week Miss Olive Percival will entertain with a tea in honor of the visitor at her attractive home in the Garvanza arroyo. Miss Jones, who is widely recognized as a woman of unusual capabilities, is librarian at Bryn Mawr. She plans to leave about the first of September for the east to resume her duties, and this week is the house guest of Mrs. George F. Wadleigh of 1415 South Hope street.

Miss Margaret Goetz will be hostess this evening at a musical in welcome of Mrs. Gertrude Ross Harris, who has returned from two seasons' study of music in Berlin. The affair will be given at the new home of Miss Goetz, at 308 South Reno street, and guests will include many of the prominent musicians of this city. One feature of the evening will be the singing of the cathedral scene from Schumann's "Faust," by Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Pither.

Mrs. J. A. Horrell of 369 East California street, Pasadena, will entertain next Tuesday with a prettily appointed party in honor of her daughter, Miss Mary Horrell, whose betrothal to Dr. Bruce Lemmon of Springfield, Mass., she will formally announce upon that

BOYS!

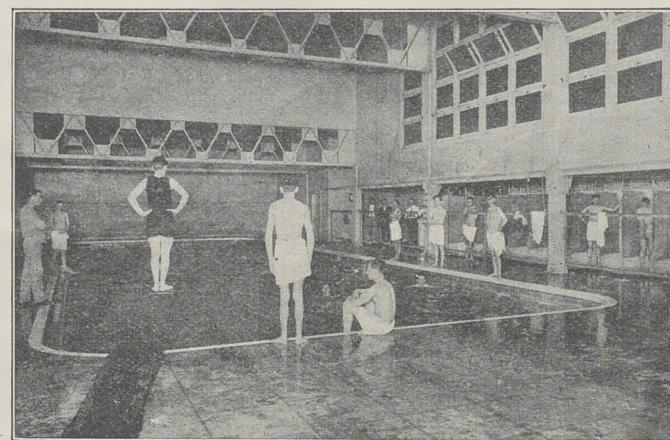
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occasion. The wedding will take place September 8 in the First Presbyterian church of Pasadena.

Mrs. Jack Vaughn of 427 Grand View street will entertain with a matinee theater party Thursday, August 25, in honor of Miss Emmie Luentzel, who will be married August 31 to Mr. Craig C. Horton.

Past Entertainments

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter were hosts last Saturday night at one of the most elaborately appointed dinner parties that have been given this season at the Potter, Santa Barbara. The guest of honor was Mrs. Andrew Welch of San Francisco. A large round table, beautifully decorated with pink and white flowers and asparagus fern, and lighted with pink-shaded candelabra, was set in the Moorish room, around which at intervals brass-wrought lanterns with opalescent glass were set on Oriental tabourettes. In addition to the host and hostess, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Dr. and Mrs. Jarvis Barlow, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mrs. W. G. Newhall, Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mrs. Henry Clarence Breedon, Mrs. Charles C. Perkins, Mrs. Granville McGowan, Miss Elizabeth Walters, Miss Nina Jones, Mr. Arthur Dodworth, Mr. Frank Langstroth, Mr. James Slauson, Mr. William Rood, Mr. G. Voorhies, Mr. William Edwards, Mr. Claude Cott, Mr. Jeffries and Mr. Harwood. After dinner the guests took part in the regular Saturday evening dance in the ballroom.

One of the most attractive of the recent society affairs was the elaborate Japanese luncheon given by Mrs. Robert Wankowski at her home, 3948 Normandie avenue, in compliment to Mrs. Willis Booth, who will leave soon for a trip to the Orient. The hostess and the guest of honor, with Mrs. Fred Johnson, who received the guests, were attired in mandarin coats. Other appointments were in the Oriental effect. Shasta daisies in large Japanese bowls were arranged about the room, and unique Japanese favors were features of each course. Guests included Mmes. Oscar Lawler, Will Davies, Leo Phillips, Hugh Harrison, Edward L. Doheny, Edward A. Featherstone, George J. Birke, William Chick and her house guest, Mrs. Mors of Minneapolis, Samuel J. Whitmore, Carl Kurtz, R. D. Bronson, Hutchinson, Howard Schoder, John Luckenbach, Fred Phillips, Walter Brode, Glenn Spence, John Horton, Miss Irene Taylor and Miss Margaret Bowen. Tuesday, General and Mrs. Wankowski had as dinner guests Mr. and Mrs. George J. Birke and Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth.

One of the most delightful of the vacation affairs enjoyed by members of the smart set who are dispersed about

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the various seaside and mountain resorts hereabouts, was the yacht dinner party given at Catalina, Monday evening, by Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood, in honor of the young people who went over to the island last Saturday evening on board the yacht Genevieve as guests of Mr. Cecil Borden. The young women in middy suits and the young men in natty suits with sailor caps have been the recipients of much attention during their stay. Mrs. Modini-Wood's affair for the young folk was particularly enjoyable, and covers at the table were laid for Miss Wood, Miss Florence Wood, Miss Genevieve Wilson, Miss Stearns, Miss Caruthers, Miss Florence Clark, and Messrs. Cecil Borden

den, McCoy, John Phelps, Clarence Carpenter, Louis Tolhurst, George Reed, Oskar Seiling, Harry Stevens and the host. After the dinner the party, with a number of other guests, boarded the yacht and sailed for a nearby beach, where a huge campfire was made and a feast was spread.

In honor of Dr. and Mrs. Richard Burton of Minneapolis, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Moore Grigg entertained informally Monday evening at their home on Gramercy place. In the evening lyrics were read by Mrs. McCluskey, with the accompaniment of her unique instrument, the psaltery, and Mrs. Grigg and Miss Dillon gave a rendition of Browning's "Saul," with the setting of music composed for the poem by Miss Dillon. The invited guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Richard Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Clover, Dr. and Mrs. Newell M. Hayden, Mrs. Kate Wisner McCluskey, Mrs. Helen Steckel, Mrs. Oscar F. Campbell, Miss Virginia Lee Pride, Miss Fanny C. Dillon, Miss Ag-

nes E. Hedenbergh, Miss Anna L. Hitchcock, Miss Zella Wood, Miss Erma Lane, Miss Lloy Galpin, Mr. Cromwell Galpin, Mr. Alfred Allen and Mr. Everett C. Maxwell.

One of the most charming of the summer visitors to Los Angeles is Mrs. Robert H. Comstock, Jr., of Chicago, who, with her little daughter, Miss Elizabeth Comstock, is a house guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Perkins of West Twenty-fourth street. A number of pleasant social affairs have been given in honor of Mrs. Comstock, her hostesses including Mrs. Charles S. Ramsey of West Twenty-fourth street, Mrs. Gardiner Green Howland of West Twenty-fourth street, Miss M. P. Olmstead of West Twenty-fourth street, Misses Olive Bennet, Florence Judd and Grace Perkins.

As a courtesy to Mrs. Louise Y. Pratt, who will leave soon for a tour of the world, and also in compliment to Mrs. Gertrude Ross Harris, who returned recently from an eighteen

months' sojourn in Europe, Mrs. George Lafayette Crenshaw of 1419 Wilton place, entertained Thursday with a box party at the Orpheum, followed by a handsomely appointed tea at the Alexandria. The guests included Mrs. Abner L. Ross, Mrs. Robert Marsh, Mrs. George Morrow of Baltimore, Mrs. Hobart J. Whitley, Mrs. Alexander MacKeigan and Mrs. Joseph Carlisle Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Goldsborough were host and hostess at a dancing party given at their home on Wesley avenue Thursday evening, in honor of their daughter, Mrs. John Kohler Marsh of Omaha, who has been visiting them. The house was illuminated with Japanese lanterns and clusters of corcopsis in Japanese baskets were used in the decorations. Mrs. Marsh will leave August 24 for Omaha, where she will meet her husband and accompany him to New York for a trip of several weeks.

Another visitor who is being de-

lightfully feted is Miss Grace Bromfield of Burlingame, who is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fletcher Elliot, the latter formerly Miss Evelyn Prewitt. Miss Bromfield is one of the most popular of the society girls in the northern city. Among the entertainments planned in her honor is a card party which Mrs. T. T. Patterson of West Twenty-fourth street will give for her in the near future, the affair also being in compliment to Mrs. Comstock of Chicago.

Mrs. H. M. Barton of Balboa Beach has been entertaining a house party at her pretty seaside cottage, her guests including Mrs. Edward D. Silent and Miss Margaret Goetz of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Stella Macneil of Romeo street entertained Wednesday evening for her father, Mr. White, and also for her sister, Mrs. George Field of San Francisco. The affair was pleasingly appointed, and guests included Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Valley, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

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Cheaters

William Yerance is doing the best work of his local career at the Belasco Theater this week in the title role of "The Great John Ganton." Compared with the road production of this drama, which was inflicted upon theatergoers last season, the Belasco production of this play is perfection. From every viewpoint it is well balanced, well staged, and convincingly played. As the rugged old warrior who has fought his way from the obscurity of the stockyards to the ownership of a great packing firm, Mr. Yerance depicts a dominant, virile character, suggestive of the great inward strength that such a being would possess, giving to the audience a deep impression that here is a man of bulldog attributes who has forged ahead from sheer strength of will. It is an achievement of which Mr. Yerance may be proud. The principal roles in the drama are all excellently depicted. Charles Ruggles' ability to picture impulsive youth on the heights of happiness and in the slough of despair is well demonstrated in his delineation of Will Ganton, and Frank Camp makes "Larry" Delaney such a likeable blackguard that his untimely demise is keenly regretted. As the gentle, kindly old major domo of the Ganton office, Harry Andrews wins hearty appreciation, and Richard Vivian is admirable as the hot-headed young reformer. Delicately limned, minor-toned and wholly appealing is Florence Oakley's conception of May Keating, and her handling of the scene in the third act, in which May condemns John Ganton, is far stronger in its quiet tenseness than it would be were the actress to yield to the temptation to rant. As it is, Miss Oakley carries her audience with her completely. Adele Farrington gives a clean-cut sketch of the coolly cynical Mrs. Jack Wilton, who makes a plaything of men's hearts, and Emma Lowry, the newcomer, has no opportunity to prove or disprove her talents in two small roles. Considered as a play, "The Great John Ganton" is not a great credit to its creator, but in the hands of the Belasco company it gains a value that impels conviction even in its platitudes.

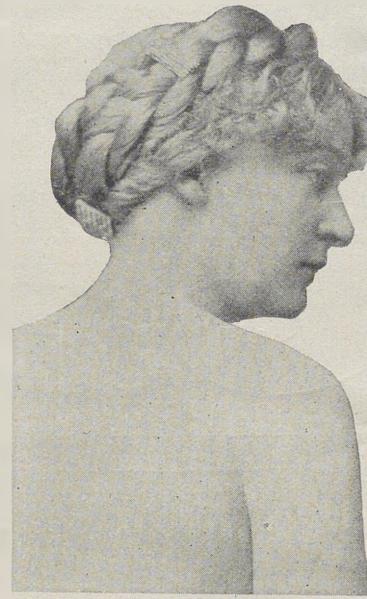
Novelties at the Orpheum

Travato, the Filipino violinist, is reaping all the honors on this week's Orpheum bill with his eccentric stunts in "fiddling." The depth and warmth of his violin music remind the listener strongly of the 'cello, and the performer holds his instrument in much the same fashion as 'cello players, instead of nestling it under his chin in conventional style. Travato's wild tossing of his long locks in the first part of his act is absurd and makes him a ridiculous figure to such an extent that his music is not appreciated, but when he forgets this affectation and settles down to real work he completely captures the fancy of his audiences. Another newcomer is Marion Murray, remembered as one of the singing Murray sisters. This season Miss Murray is appearing in an Edgar Allan Woolf sketch, "The Prima Donna's Honeymoon," well played to such a degree that it becomes almost interesting, except in its near-tragedy moments. Miss Murray makes a handsome prima donna, and she is ably assisted by E. H. Calvert, whose likeable personality is well placed as the young husband, and William Riccardi, excellent as the excitable Signor Taglioni. A quaint turn that touches the risibles is that of jolly Fanny Rice, whose miniature mimic stage seems to hold a great appeal for vaudeville patrons. Last of the newcomers are Aubrey Pringle and George Whiting, who do nothing new and that in a mediocre fashion. The wonderfully trained elephant of Captain Gruber's, the Morati opera company, Will Cressy and Blanche Dayne in a new sketch that will prove as popular as former products of the Cressy pen, and Loie Fuller's scantily-

clad maidens who exploit the "Ballet of Light," are holdovers.

Offerings for Next Week

Lillian Russell's starring play of last season, "The Widow's Might," will be the play at the Belasco for the forthcoming week. The piece is new to Los Angeles and comes with the reputation of being one of the sprightliest comedies of the day. Besides giving all of the popular Belasco players unusually good chances to distinguish themselves, it will serve to introduce Rosina Henley, the new ingenue of the Belasco company. Miss Henley will have an opportunity to prove her talents in a role second in importance only to that essayed by Miss Oakley. "The Widow's Might" is by Edmund Day, who wrote "The Round-Up" for Klaw & Erlanger.



ADELE BLOOD AT THE ORPHEUM

The story concerns a young widow whose husband was, before his marriage, a member of a bachelors' club, consisting of five jolly good fellows. Each of the remaining quartet of bachelors seeks the heart and hand of the young widow. Her husband has left her penniless, but the bachelors pool their business and supply her with money, giving her the impression that her husband was a brilliant financier. Between themselves they have agreed that on the day of his marriage to the widow, the lucky bachelor is to reimburse his less fortunate fellows for their monetary outlay. With this idea for the foundation of his play, Mr. Day has built a dramatic structure that is said to be highly entertaining. Florence Oakley will have the widow role, Rosina Henley will be her unmarried-but-engaged sister, Richard Vivian will be the sister's fiance; Frank Camp, Charles Giblyn, Harry Andrews and Charles Ruggles will be the widow-hunting bachelors, while Mr. Yerance, Mr. Applebee, Miss Farrington, Miss Lowry and Miss Sullivan will all have good roles.

"The Talk of New York," another of George M. Cohan's wonderfully popular musical comedies, will be the attraction at the Burbank for the week beginning Sunday matinee. It was in this piece that Victor Moore first came into prominence as a star, and Percy Bronson will be seen in Moore's part, Kid Burns. This character, first introduced in "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," reappears in this play as a wealthy man, enriched by his successful sporting ventures. He is made the victim of a blackmail scheme, in which his engagement is announced to a girl with whom he is barely acquainted. Finally, he falls in love with the young woman in question, adding a new complication to the situation, but,

of course, it all ends well. Percy Bronson will have a large share of the musical numbers, and Marjorie Rambeau will also be heard in several catchy songs. Peter Lang, the big comedian with the tenor voice, will make melody and laughter, and all the other Burbank favorites will be in the long cast.

When an act comes to the Orpheum under the personal direction of Martin Beck, it may be set down as an unusual offering. The coming week Mr. Beck sends as a headliner, Mr. Edwards Davis, M. A., and his company in "The Picture of Dorian Gray," which Mr. Davis has dramatized from the story of the same name by Oscar Wilde. Mr. Davis is well known in California, where he was formerly a minister, leaving the pulpit for the stage. He was the first actor to produce a tragedy in vaudeville. His company comprises Templar Saxe and Miss Adele Blood, who is known as the most beautiful woman on the vaudeville stage, and who in private life is Mrs. Davis. A newcomer who will be heartily welcomed is James Thornton, with his quaint songs and sayings. He has new material for laughmaking, although he still utilizes part of his old "stuff." He will, of course, sing several of his famous sentimental ditties. The Imperial Musicians, comprising twelve soloists who render a medley of melodies ranging from ragtime to classic, have a turn that is said to be novel. An animal act that will appeal strongly to the children is the Zoo Circus of Prof. Apdale. Apdale uses monkeys, dogs, cats, trained bears, and even an anteater. Holdovers are Marion Murray & Co., Travato, Pringle & Whiting, and Jolly Fanny Rice.

Summer time on the Pacific coast seems to be the season to find excellent voices and singers of experience, because of the unendurable heat in the east or the closing of vaudeville time here instead of nearer the center of booking activities. In the instance of Albert Green, late of the Orpheum circuit, and the newcomer on the Levy Cafe Chantant bill, the management is congratulating itself on acquiring a singer of wide experience in opera, vaudeville and concert. His songs are of a semi-popular nature, with several opera selections. Rogers, Stewart & Elwood are confirming the good impression they made in their former engagement at this cafe and win hearty applause both in ensemble and solo numbers. Bob Albright is also proving a great favorite in his coon songs, yodelling, baritone solos and soprano imitations. La Solita, the Spanish dancer, will offer a number of dances.

Asides

Harry Andrews of the Belasco Theater has passed through a week which illustrates the hardships of an actor's career. Last Sunday Mr. Andrews' father-in-law, Oliver Montz of Kansas City, who had come to Los Angeles just a week before, died suddenly at the Andrews home. Despite the fact that his wife was prostrated by the sudden blow, Mr. Andrews was forced to hurry to the theater to direct the matinee and to play a comedy role in "Billy." Monday he had all-day rehearsal of "The Great John Ganton," playing an important role in the production besides directing the performance. It is the actor's creed that, come what may, the "show must go on."

Marion Murray, who is at the Orpheum, was here a year ago with her sister, Victoria, in a singing turn at the same house. At that time she was engaged to Joe Ghirardelli, of the famous chocolate firm, who lived in Oakland, and Joe was down here the entire time, trying to fix the wedding date. But matrimony is an uncertain thing. Victoria, who then had no thought of marrying, is now a happy wife and a deserter from the stage, while Marion has sent the Ghirardelli diamond back to its donor, and says she has no intention of marrying.

Rehearsals for the musical comedy which will be presented by the local chapter of the American Institute of Banking the week of September 26 at the Auditorium, are being conducted nightly under the direction of Harry Girard. Mr. Girard, who is responsible for the music of the play, has collaborated with Joseph Blethen, who wrote the book and lyrics. A double cast is being rehearsed. There will be a sextet of trained nurses and a quartet for whom several news songs have been written.

AUGUST 13, 1910

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LOT "C," \$187.50

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Steger	Sale Price \$187.50
Regent	Sale Price \$187.50
Fitzgerald	Sale Price \$187.50
Conway	Sale Price \$187.50
Regent	Sale Price \$187.50
Shoninger	Sale Price \$187.50
Mason & Hamlin.....	Sale Price \$187.50

LOT "D," \$217.50

Regent	Sale Price \$217.50
Fitzgerald	Sale Price \$217.50
Brauniller	Sale Price \$217.50
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LOT "E," \$257.50

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Packard	Sale Price \$257.50
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John Barrymore in "The Fortune Hunter"

Next week "The Fortune Hunter" re-opens for its second season after a longer run than any of last season's plays. It was put on under the management of Charles Frohman, with John Barrymore in the title role, and won success from the beginning. After a time it was transferred to the Gaiety Theater, under the management of Cohan & Harris. It deserves all the success it has had, for it is a clean, bright comedy of the kind that is continuously amusing without taxing mind or sense. For an evening of relaxation and rest it is to be recommended. I found myself at the end of the fourth act fresher than at the beginning of the play, so unusual a thing that it is worthy of being recorded.

The fortune hunter, a young man who has come to the end of his row, is sent out by a successful friend with a recipe for winning a sure thing if he will follow the rules of the game faithfully. The play opens in the attractive rooms of Henry Kellogg of Wall street, who, with customary success, has been invited to become a member of his firm. Nathaniel Duncan, who has shared quarters with his friend, sneaks back. He has been sent for by his firm, but, unlike Duncan, is out of a job, with no prospects. The two talk matters over. Duncan confesses that he hates work, and Kellogg furnishes a prescription. Duncan is to go to a village at a distance from New York which Kellogg will select, and by a deliberate course of conduct is to win the hand of the daughter of the most prosperous inhabitant of the village. He will then be in possession of a source of income in the young woman's fond parent and the goal will have been reached. The rules are simple. Duncan is to dress as a student, he is to read and study and give the impression that he cares only to improve his mind. He is to abstain from tobacco and spirituous liquors, he is to go to church at least once every Sunday, he is to seek employment, and as soon as may be pay suit to the right girl.

In the second act, which takes place in Sam Graham's drug store, Radville, Pa., we see the plan begin to work. Duncan has been in the place five weeks and has been following directions to the letter. They are written in a neat little notebook, and when he is in doubt he consults it for the proper steps to take. He has begun to make his impression. Kellogg was careful to stipulate that he should seek a home with a woman who would not only make it her business to inquire into his personal habits but would disseminate the results through the village. As the oldest inhabitant and the tailor sit by the stove, discussing the peculiarities of the new arrival, the door opens and a studious figure comes in, dressed in a neat suit of black, with his eye glued to a book. He walks over to the druggist, announces in a pleasant, scared voice, that he is seeking employment, and without waiting for a reply turns to go. The drug store is a poor place, but the druggist is an inventor and a lover of his kind. He has no work to offer, but, after a little talk, the young man insists upon staying. Before many minutes have passed he manages to expend in his employer's interest all of the generous roll of bank notes that Kellogg has supplied. The local banker is about to foreclose a note, Duncan pays it. A drummer comes to sell stock, Duncan settles the old bill and tells him to look around and send what he thinks is needed. The daughter, Betty Graham, a poor, little, starved, over-worked child, needs a new dress for a party, and he tries to force his few remaining dollars upon her. He saves the druggist from selling an invention for making gas from crude oil for five hundred dollars to a smart young man from Wall street.

Mr. Barrymore has all sorts of opportunity for his delightful fooling. His manipulation of the soda water fountain is inimitable. In his first experience he manages to turn the fizz into the face of the banker's daughter, whom he at once recognizes as the goal of his ambition. The banker has a distressing affection of the eye, which makes him wink unexpectedly. He wants "plain sody," but as he asks for

it with a wink, Duncan puts the stick in. It does not ruin his chances, for the surprised teetotaler, after the first delicious sip, announces that when it is possible to get plain sody like that he doesn't see why anybody should want anything more. The attractive clerk wins trade faster than he can sell, and we find the drug store remodelled in the next act into a down-to-date store with shiny bottles ornamented with conspicuous black and gold labels, a splendid soda water fountain, a resplendent cash register and another clerk. The goal is in sight and the day of durance almost at an end. The banker's daughter is not only ready to fall into his arms, but is pursuing him faster than he can run away.

* * *

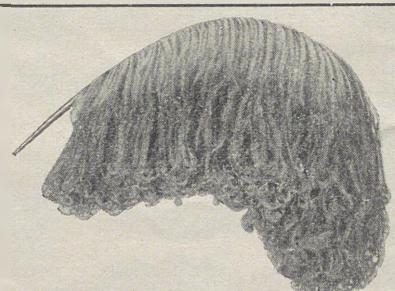
Just as the engagement is announced, Betty Graham, the druggist's daughter, returns from boarding school, quite made over in personal appearance, and Duncan realizes too late that it is she that he cares for. Kellogg comes with congratulations to hold him to the agreement. The last act is given over to the untangling of the situation. A former suitor of the banker's daughter sees in Duncan an escaped embezzler, and the banker is quick to get rid of an embarrassing son-in-law. He is left to the tender mercies of Kellogg, who will enjoy rubbing in his mistake. Duncan is free to marry Betty. He then decides that he likes nothing so well as work, and finds that he has entirely lost the taste for cocktails and cigarettes. Simultaneously comes the news that the druggist's invention has brought the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and everybody is happy. As Betty sinks into Duncan's arms, real wet rain descends from the sky. The thoughtful old father runs out with an umbrella and holds it over the oblivious heads as the curtain falls.

* * *

The settings are excellent and the cast entirely adequate. There is opportunity for fine character drawing and plenty of fun that is thoroughly taken care of. Mr. Barrymore's apparent forgetfulness of self in his foolery makes him very delightful in contrast with other of our more self-conscious comedians. Mary Ryan as Betty Graham is charming. She is thoroughly identified now with the part that makes her at first a pathetic little drudge, and ends with her proper restoration to her rightful place. And the delineation of the unselfish, unworldly old druggist by Forrest Robinson is the sort of thing that lingers in the mind and is good to think about afterward.

ANNE PAGE.
New York, August 8, 1910.

William Desmond is playing leads at the Princess Theater, San Francisco, and is receiving approbation from the northern critics for his performance of King Ahasuerus in "Mizpah." Hertense Nielsen is playing opposite him.



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WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY MATINEE, AUGUST 15.

Edwards Davis & Co., "The Picture of Dorian Gray"	Marion Murray & Co., "Prima Donna's Honeymoon"
James Thornton, "Songs and Sayings"	Signor Travato, Eccentric Violinist
Imperial Musicians, Twelve Soloists	Jolly Fanny Rice, Miniature Mimic Stage
Zoo Circus, Prof. Apdale's Animals	Pringle & Whiting, "Breaking Into Vaudeville"

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Saturday, August 13, 2:30, Chutes Park. Sunday, a.m., 10:30, Vernon Park. Sunday p.m., 2:30 Chutes Park.
August 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, Los Angeles vs. Sacramento.
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Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sunday afternoon, Chutes Park.
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Pen Picture of Los Angeles in '52

Los Angeles sixty years ago, or nearly so, was a rendezvous for many illustrious, but desperate characters, according to that veracious chronicler, Maj. Horace Bell. That is; they were illustrious in a certain way, which is notorious rather than famous. In his entertaining "Reminiscences of a Ranger," the major tells of his early impressions. The year was 1852:

Los Angeles, at the time of my arrival, was certainly a nice looking place—the houses generally looked neat and clean, and were well whitewashed. There were two-story adobe houses in the city, the most important of which is the present residence of Mrs. Bell, widow of the late Capt. Alex Bell; then the Temple building, a substantial two-story structure, at the junction of Main and Spring streets; and the old Casa Sanchez, on what is now Sanchez street. The lower walls of the latter are still there, the house having been razed. The business of the place was considerable; the majority of the merchants were Jews, and all seemed to be doing a paying business. The fact was, they were all getting rich. The streets were thronged throughout the entire day with splendidly mounted and richly dressed caballeros, most of whom wore suits of clothes that cost all the way from \$500 to \$1,000, with saddle and horse trappings that cost even more. Of one of the Lugos, I remember, it was said his horse equipments cost more than \$2,000. Everybody in Los Angeles seemed rich, everybody was rich, and money was more plentiful at that time than in any other place of like size, I venture to say, in the world.

The question will at once suggest itself to the reader: Why was it that money was so plentiful in Los Angeles at the time referred to? I will inform him. The great rush to the gold mines had created a demand for beef cattle, and the year '48, '49 and '50 had exhausted the supply in the counties north of San Luis Obispo, and purchasers came to Los Angeles, then the greatest cow county of the state. The southern counties had enjoyed a succession of good seasons of rain and bountiful supply of grass. The cattle and horses had increased to an unprecedented number, and the prices ranged from \$20 to \$35 a head, and a man was poor indeed who could not sell at the time one or two hundred head of cattle, and many of our first-class rancheros, for instance the Sepulvedas, Abilas, Lugos, Yorbas, Picos, Stearns, Rowlands and Williams, could sell a thousand head of cattle at any time and put the money in their pockets as small change, and as such they spent it.

The second evening after my arrival, in company with a gentleman, now of high standing in California, I went around to see the sights. We first went to the "El Dorado" and smiled at the bar. The "El Dorado" was a small frame building, a duplicate of the "Imprenta," wherein the Star was published; the room below being used as a bar and billiard room, while the upper room was used as a dormitory. The place was kept by an elegant Irishman, John H. Hughes, said to have been a near kinsman of the late great church dignitary, Archbishop Hughes. John was a scholar, and without doubt, so far as manners and accomplishments went, was a splendid gentleman, and the entire community accorded to him the honor of being a good judge of whisky. The "El Dorado" was situated at about the southeast corner of the Marced Theater.

Along toward the spring of 1853, the Rev. Adam Bland, without the fear of the virtuous community before his eyes, purchased the "El Dorado," pulled down its sacred sign, and profanely converted it into a Methodist church! Alas, poor Hughes! I believe it broke his heart. He never recovered from the blow. It crushed his noble spirit, and a few years later, when a fair señorita withheld her smiles from the brilliant Hughes, it was the feather that broke the camel's back, and the disconsolate Hughes joined the Crabbe filibustering expedition to Sonora and was killed.

From the "El Dorado" we betook ourselves to Aleck Gibson's gambling house on the plaza, where a well-kept

bar was in full blast, and some half-dozen "monte banks" in successful operation, each table with its green baize cover being literally heaped with piles of \$50 ingots, commonly called "slugs." Betting was high. You would frequently see a ranchero with an immense pile of gold in front of him, quietly and unconcernedly smoking his cigarrito and betting twenty slugs on the turn, the losing of which produced no perceptible discomposure of his grave countenance. For grave self-possession in difficult and trying circumstances, the Spaniard is in advance of all nationalities that I know of.

From the great gambling house on the plaza we hied us to the classic precincts of the "Calle de los Negros," which was the most perfect and full-grown pandemonium this writer, who had seen the "elephant" before, and has been more than familiar with him under many phases since, has ever beheld. There were four or five gambling places, and the crowd from the old Coronel building on the Los Angeles street corner to the plaza was so dense that we could scarcely squeeze through. Americans, Spaniards, Indians and foreigners, rushing and crowding along from one gambling house to another, from table to table, all clinking the everlasting eight-square \$50 pieces up and down in their palms. There were several bands of music of the primitive Mexican-Indian kind, that sent forth most discordant sounds—while at the upper end of the street, in the rear of one of the gambling houses was a Mexican "Maroma" in uproarious confusion. They positively made night hideous with their howlings. Every few minutes a rush would be made, and may be a pistol shot would be heard, and when the confusion incident to the rush would have somewhat subsided, and inquiry made, you would learn that it was only a knife fight between two Mexicans, or a gambler had caught somebody cheating and had perforated him with a bullet. Such things were a matter of course, and no complaints or arrests were ever made. An officer would not have had the temerity to attempt an arrest in "Negro Alley" at that time.

I have no hesitation in saying that in the years of 1851, '52 and '53 there were more desperadoes in Los Angeles than in any place on the Pacific coast, San Francisco, with its great population, not excepted. It was a fact, that all of the bad characters who had been driven from the mines had taken refuge in Los Angeles, for the reason that if forced to move farther on, it was only a short ride to Mexican soil, while on the other hand all of the outlaws of the Mexican frontier made for the California gold mines, and the cut throats of California and Mexico naturally met at Los Angeles, and at Los Angeles they fought. Knives and revolvers settled all differences, either real or imaginary. The slightest misunderstandings were adjusted on the spot with knife or bullet, the Mexican preferring the former at close quarters and the American the latter.

In the years '52 and '53 it was a common and usual query at the bar or breakfast table, "Well, how many were killed last night?" Then, "Who was it?" and "Who killed him?" The year '53 showed an average mortality from fights and assassinations of more than one a day in Los Angeles. In 1853 police statistics showed a greater number of murders in California than in all the United States, and a greater number in Los Angeles than in all of the remainder of California. The desperados set all law at defiance, sheriffs and marshals were killed at pleasure, and at one time the office of sheriff, then worth \$10,000 a year, went begging. The wheels of justice refused to revolve, no man could be found bold enough to come forward and accept the office until Jim Thompson threw himself into the breach, as it were, and became sheriff of Los Angeles county, when two sheriffs had been assassinated within the year preceding his appointment. It is worthy of remark that Jim, being rich at the time, did not need or want the office, but accepted it solely on the urgent demand of the court of justice. Robberies were of rare occurrence, money being so plenti-

ful and so easily obtained by gambling that out-and-out robbery was not necessary.

Within the three or four days following my arrival, several men were pointed out to me as being first-class desperados, the most conspicuous of whom was "Crooked-nose Smith," who had killed his half-dozen men in the upper country, and when he did Los Angeles the honor of his presence, he gave out the comforting assurance that he would not kill anyone until just before he would depart for Mexico. "Crooked Nose" was certainly a man of honor as well as a first-class artist, for he kept his promise to the letter. The day prior to his departure he did us the honor to furnish a first-class gambler for breakfast. He politely apologized for the interruption he had caused in the unusual quiet that had pervaded the atmosphere of our beautiful city, by saying that he had not killed a man for six months, and he feared he might get his hand out. "Crooked Nose" was a prince of desperados, the admiration and envy of all of the small-fry members of the profession who had as yet only killed their one or two men.

"Cherokee Bob" was another artist of great merit, and was pointed out to me as a gentleman of great consequence, who had killed six Chilenos in one fight, and although he had been riddled with bullets and ripped and sliced with knives, yet he had never failed to get his man when he went for him. There were many other eminent characters who proudly walked the streets with all the pomp and circumstance of being looked up to by the commonality of mankind. In the innocent simplicity of my heart, I mentally exclaimed: Surely I am not only in the City of the Angels, but with the Angels here I dwell.

At the Hotel Resorts

Miss Alice Warner was the hostess last Saturday at a delightful little tea at the inn at Pebble Beach. Tea was served in the big banquet room, the tables in which were strewn with a profusion of sweet peas, being set to form a hollow square, and the center banked with ferns and palms. It was a pleasant little affair, and was followed by an informal dance. The guests included Mrs. Frank Wilson King and her two attractive daughters, Miss King and Miss Madeline King of Los Angeles; Miss Vesta Shortridge Brugniere, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Purr, Miss Simpleton, Miss Rucker, Miss Ames, Miss Allen, Miss Retta Hunter, Miss Isabel Hunter, Miss Murphy, Miss Oliver, Miss Gertrude Bolst, Miss Julia Gray, Miss Vic Grew, Captain Baldwin, Captain Reed, Mr. Maurice Shortridge, Mr. Murphy, Lieutenant Baker, Lieutenant Oldsmith, Lieutenant Dravo, Mr. Selby and Mr. Harold Selby.

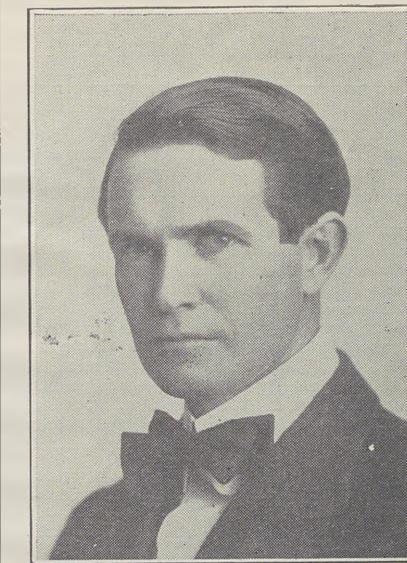
Thick and fast golfers from all over the state are beginning to arrive at Del Monte, to be in readiness for the golf tournament which is soon to be played off there. Below is a list of motorists, golfers and others who arrived last Monday, and the cars they drive: F. E. Booth, Lozier; M. Lion, Winton; W. F. Garby, Mitchell; Dr. W. H. McEnery, Packard; M. Butler, Locomobile; Mrs. B. L. Welch, Packard; Webster Jones, Cadillac; O. H. Greenwood, Peerless; C. H. Winship, Welch; R. E. Graham, Franklin; J. R. Chase, New Mitchell; Dr. Evans, Winton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Winship of Los Angeles, who were at Del Monte for a month last spring, have taken apartments there for a month to be present at the golfing festivities which are scheduled there for the near future. Mr. and Mrs. Winship have just concluded a long visit at Lake Tahoe. They have their car with them and will pass much of their time on the scenic drive about Del Monte.

Miss Alice Warner of Del Monte is to leave soon for a visit with her friends, Misses Adeline and Myrtle Smith of Minneapolis, who passed the winter at Del Monte last year. Part of the time will be devoted to a delightful motor trip through Wisconsin.

Late arrivals at Mt. Washington include Mrs. T. W. Spillman and Miss Sue Walker Spillman of Covington, Ky. Miss Estelle Cherry, from San Luis Obispo, also is a guest there.

Mrs. L. J. Katz, widow of Colonel



Thomas Lee Woolwine
Candidate for
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
of Los Angeles County.

Katz, U.S.A., went up from San Bernardino to the Pacific Grove Hotel, where she has taken a suite of rooms for an extended stay. She is accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Gladys K. Parsons, and little granddaughter.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Rathbun of 1211 Fourth avenue and their little daughter, Miss Ruth Rathbun, with their house guests, Dr. and Mrs. S. B. Sholz of Colorado Springs, will leave Monday in their car for the northern part of the state. They will enjoy a sojourn of a month or six weeks at Hotel Miramar, Santa Barbara county.

Among the luncheon parties Sunday last at Pebble Beach Lodge was one including Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Grew of San Mateo, Mrs. S. B. Cushing of San Rafael, Mr. Aldridge Grew of San Mateo, Miss Julia Murray of Los Angeles, and Lieutenant Baker of the Presidio of Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. George Diehl and their daughter of Pasadena are at the Pacific Grove Hotel for a month's rest and recreation. Miss Diehl passes a part of her time each day on the links at Del Monte and is getting in a bit of excellent playing.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bartow Woutell of Pasadena, after a month at Lake Tahoe and visiting at Santa Cruz, have taken apartments at the Pacific Grove Hotel for the remainder of the season.

Miss Emma Moore and Miss E. F. Thornton entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Francis and Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Bettinger at dinner at Hotel Mt. Washington Thursday evening.

Friday evening, Miss Lee gave a dialect reading in the parlors of Hotel Mt. Washington, and her accompanist on the piano rendered many of the old-time plantation melodies.

Mrs. Albert H. Busch and daughter, Miss Amy Busch, of Portland street have been enjoying a week's outing at Catalina, where they were guests at the Metropole.

Mr. Eugene Murphy of Burlingame is one of a great army of golf enthusiasts which is beginning to gather from far and near for the tournament at Del Monte.

Mrs. George Gage and little grandson, Master John Gage Dennett, were guests of Mrs. Viola Kennedy at luncheon at Hotel Mt. Washington Wednesday.

Miss Mabel Colyer entertained twelve young women at luncheon, followed by cards at the Mt. Washington Hotel, Tuesday of this week.

Members of the Children's Tennis Association held their first meet on the Mt. Washington courts Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. M. R. Gibbon was the guest of Miss Emma A. Moore for dinner Wednesday at Hotel Mt. Washington.

Personal and Social

(Continued From Page Eleven)

Bretherton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Wilson, Miss May Sutton, Miss Florence Sutton, Miss Laura Smith, Mr. Gregory Perkins, Mr. Frank Culver, Miss Toby, Mr. Toby, Mr. Jessup and others.

Mrs. Wilt Norris, formerly Miss Mary Banning, one of the most popular of the young society belles of this city, is visiting here with relatives and old-time friends. She is being delightfully feted with many informal affairs. Among her recent hostesses were Mrs. Frank Griffith, Mrs. Randolph H. Miner and Mrs. E. T. Earl.

Mrs. John R. Prince of 1214 Leighton avenue gave a delightful affair at her home Tuesday afternoon, the guests of honor being Miss Marjorie Burlingame, who will become the bride of Mr. Clarence Bauer next month, and Miss Laura Connally of Albuquerque, N. M., who is visiting here.

Mrs. Walter M. Clark, who is at Hotel Virginia for the summer, entertained recently with a luncheon of thirty covers in compliment to Mrs. John Hastings Howard, who is the house guest of her parents, Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee.

Miss Mabel Murray, whose marriage to Mr. George Howard will take place next week, was the guest of honor Thursday at a luncheon given by Misses Johanna and Frances Maloney of 527 Prospect place. Covers were laid for sixteen.

Brief Personal Mention

Mrs. Harry Ainsworth of Redondo Beach has been entertaining as a special guest Mrs. George Mott Weeks and her little son from the Philippines. Mrs. Weeks is the wife of Capt. G. M. Weeks, U.S.A., stationed in the latter place. Mrs. Ainsworth also has had as house guests Miss Alice Rooney and her sister, Miss Therese Rooney, of San Francisco. Recently she entertained with an informal dinner at the Alexandria in honor of her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Bentzoni-Cadell left Wednesday evening for San Francisco. They have been guests at Hotel Lankershim, while Mrs. Cadell, formerly Mrs. Bentzoni of this city, arranged her affairs preparatory to a long sojourn in London, the home of her husband. They probably will return to Los Angeles for a short visit this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Ward of West Twenty-first street, with their family, have taken a cottage at Catalina Islands until the middle of September. In their absence Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Glassell of Glendale, with their little son, will occupy the Ward residence.

Miss Ruth Sterry of Ellendale place returned home Friday of last week after a short visit at Catalina Island as the guest of Mrs. Fred A. Walton of West Adams street and her daughter, Mrs. Earl Lewis of Orchard avenue, who are there for the summer.

Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and Miss McCarthy, who are occupying their summer home at Redondo Beach, have gone over to Catalina for a week's stay. They will be joined this evening by Mr. McCarthy, who has just returned from a trip to the north.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. McPherson and their daughter, Miss Sylvia McPherson, with their house guest, Mrs. E. R. Thornton of El Paso, Texas, and Mrs. Parker, have returned from Catalina, where they passed the early summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rasmusser, formerly of Long Beach, have returned from a three months' trip abroad. They are guests for several weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry King Snyder of West Fifty-first street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wallace of 2157 Harvard boulevard are planning to leave about August 15 for a trip to British Columbia. They will be away for a month.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Dillon, Richard Dillon and Miss Mollie Dillon, together with Mrs. John Grant, have returned from an outing at Santa Barbara.

Miss Kirk of 1008 West Twenty-first street is at Hotel Metropole, Catalina Island, for several weeks' stay. She

returned recently from a trip to Hotel del Coronado, and later will visit in Ocean Park and San Francisco.

Mrs. A. G. L. Trew of Avenue 56, with her daughter, Miss Margaret Trew, is at home after a brief visit at Redondo Beach. Dr. Niel C. Trew, who has been abroad on a short trip, also has returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Eno of Western avenue have returned from a motoring trip to Hemet and surrounding country. While away they visited with Mrs. Eno's brother, Dr. Harry Hall, who lives near Hemet.

Mrs. Walter T. Johnson of Kingsley drive, with her two little daughters, went over to Catalina Island the latter part of last week for a short stay. Mrs. Jonathan Scott and her daughters accompanied Mrs. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Caldwell Ridgway have returned from their honeymoon in the north, and are at 2621 Menlo avenue, where Mrs. Ridgway will be at home to her friends Wednesday afternoons.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Merritt, Mr. Clinton Merritt and Miss Sallie Polk have returned to Pasadena from a three weeks' motoring trip through the northern part of the state.

Mrs. George P. Griffith of Orchard avenue, who has been in the east for the last two months, is expected to return home within a few days. She has been visiting among her relatives in Scranton, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. William Richards are at Catalina Island for the summer. Mrs. Richards, who is a daughter of Mr. J. M. Elliott of West Twenty-eighth street, was one of the brides of the early summer.

Mrs. P. G. Cotter of 729 South Burlington avenue has returned from a two weeks' visit with friends and relatives in the north. A part of her time was passed near the town of Los Gatos.

Miss Winnie Golden of 847 West Twenty-eighth street has been entertaining as house guests, Misses Rose and Ava Camarillo of Ventura, and Miss Ynez Mooser of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Woodhead and daughters are occupying the P. J. Bevridge home at 131 Hollywood boulevard until September 1, when they will return to their home in the north.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Graves of Shatto place, who have been in Chicago for several months, will remain there for another year. Mr. Graves is building a telephone plant in that city.

Mrs. John Kenealy of 1121 West Ninth street, with her daughter, Miss May Kenealy, accompanied by Miss Mollie Dillon, have been guests at Hotel Redondo for a week.

Dr. and Mrs. Strothard, who are occupying a cottage at Balboa Beach during the summer, have as their house guest, Dr. White's mother, Mrs. James A. White of Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Railsbach have moved into their new home at 504 Oxford avenue, where they will receive their friends Friday afternoons and evenings in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred M. Parker of 609 South Coronado street are enjoying a trip to Klamath Falls and the Yellowstone National Park. They will be away several weeks.

Miss Fannie Todd Carpenter, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter of West Twenty-seventh street, has returned from a stay at Catalina Island.

Miss Mary Chandler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Chandler, who has been in Washington, D. C., for the last eight months, is not expected home until winter.

Judge and Mrs. Henry Clay Gooding and their daughter, Miss Gertrude Gooding, have returned home from a short stay at Hotel Metropole, Catalina Island.

Mrs. W. W. Atkinson of 1927 Oxford avenue has as her guests Judge W. P. Blackman of Louisiana and his talented granddaughter, Miss Sara Blackman.

Miss Fannie Grant of San Francisco has returned to her home in the north

after a visit here as the house guest of Mrs. W. J. Broderick of South Figueroa street.

Mrs. S. M. Davis and son, Joseph, of San Francisco, are guests at the home of Mrs. Davis' aunt, Mrs. W. L. Hazen, of 333 West Twenty-eighth street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bullas and daughters, Misses Clara and Lucile Bullas, have taken apartments at Hotel Redondo for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Swanfeldt and son, Howard, of 421 Harvard boulevard, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Swanfeldt at their cottage at Avalon.

Mr. and Mrs. John V. Vickers of West Twenty-eighth street returned recently after visiting several of the nearby seaside and mountain summer resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Winthrop Gorham of Colegrove are receiving congratulations upon the advent of a son, the second child to be born to them.

Mrs. William H. Perry, who is traveling abroad this summer, writes friends here that she reached Italy August 1 and is greatly enjoying the trip.

Miss Marjorie Bolt of South Grand avenue, Pasadena, has been a house guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Elliott Childs of Riverside.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Kingston and their little daughter, Evelyn, of Ellendale place, left recently for a trip to Chicago and Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. E. C. S. Kane and her daughter, Miss Violet Kane, are at home to their friends at 919 Blain street, after a three months' stay at Ocean Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Wrenn of West Seventh street are home after a stay of several weeks at their summer cottage at Hermosa Beach.

Mrs. J. Blakewell, Miss Bernita Blakewell, Miss June Whittemore and Miss Leigh Whittemore are at Catalina for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Huff will leave soon for their former home in Kansas City, where they will visit for several months with old friends.

Miss Alice May of San Francisco is visiting in Los Angeles as the guest of her uncle, Maj. G. H. Sisson, at the Van Nuys Hotel.

Mrs. E. B. Reed of 977 Magnolia avenue, who has been at Long Beach since early in July, will remain there until September 1.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Binford of 1819 Van Ness avenue are enjoying a pleasant jaunt in the mountains near Santa Barbara.

Mr. M. C. Harris of Prescott, Ariz., was a guest last week of his mother, Mrs. J. L. Harris of 820 Grand View street.

Mrs. Willoughby Rodman of Orchard avenue returned recently from a five weeks' visit in Oakland and San Francisco.

Miss Genevieve Fulkner of this city has been the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dollard of Santa Monica.

Mrs. Davis Richardson of 1669 West Adams street is passing the summer with her family at Hermosa Beach.

Mrs. George Allan Hancock and children, with their nurse, are at Hotel del Coronado for a month.

Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Macleish of Kingsley drive have returned from a week's visit at the seaside.

Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Houghton, Jr., and

FRANK BRYSON

[Incumbent]

Republican Candidate for Public Administrator

Primaries August 16, 1910

A BUSINESS MAN WHO STANDS FOR A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION



HARRY LELANDE

Candidate for the Republican Nomination

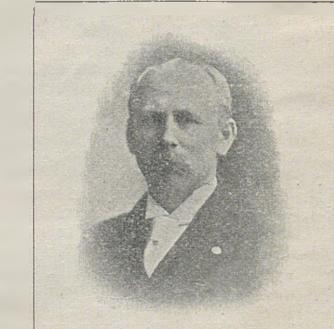
FOR COUNTY CLERK

of Los Angeles County.

Primary Election August 16th, 1910

FOR

County Superintendent of Schools



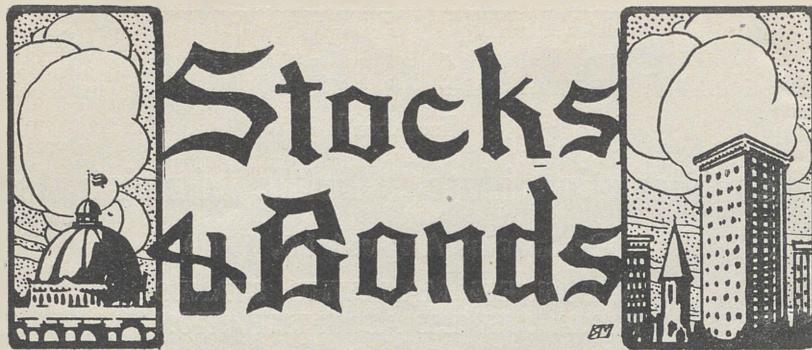
MARK KEPPLE

[Incumbent]

His administration has been most satisfactory in every spot of Los Angeles County.

Mrs. Elise Kerckhoff of 825 Westlake avenue have been enjoying a two weeks' outing at Yellowstone Park.

Dr. and Mrs. John W. Cook are at home at 1888 West Twenty-second street after a two weeks' outing at Santa Barbara.



Stocks & Bonds

Local market conditions continue to rule steady, in line with the feeling in financial circles everywhere that the midsummer dullness is ended, and that from this time on the trend of prices will be upward. The week on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, while not a record-breaker in the quantity of business transacted, has shown up a volume of trading that compares favorably with the same time last year. Moreover, the tendency continues in the direction of better prices and much more conservative deals.

Money has not yet become as free as it will show later in the year, but the indications are for much easier credit for speculative purposes in the near future.

This week Union moved up the best part of two points, with all of the higher class of petroleums marching along in sympathy. The Doheny stocks are all on the rebound, the Mexican Petroleums showing more firmness than has been the rule since the summer dullness first became manifest.

There also is a much more general inquiry for bonds than has been noted in several months, with this class of securities apparently wanted for permanent investment.

Among the industrial stocks L. A. Home, the preferred as well as the common, has been in demand this week at better prices than the market has known of late. Especially has this been true of Home Common, which has been absorbed in large blocks since the last report. Edison stocks, as well as the bonds, are dull, with no signs of immediate resuscitation.

Among the lesser oils, Olinda continues in demand, with Central still slipping downward. The latter should be acquired at present prices, the stock being considerably below \$2.

Cleveland, California Midway, and Consolidated have been active recently, with a speculation apparently in all three of these issues. The two latter should be bringing in additional wells in the next month or so, which are fairly certain to add market value to these shares. And while Cleveland has not yet altogether recovered from its recent office manipulation, up to 50 and back to 14, the stock apparently is firmer than it has been since its first listing more than a year ago.

Among the bank shares, Southern Trust is being offered at 75, and Central National is to be had at a trifle below 180. None of the other issues in this class is in demand at this time.

Rates for money are as reported last week, with no real changes either in the supply or in the demand.

Banks and Banking

Cash is flowing in from the west and reports come to hand that banks in the west are doing all they can to prevent rediscounting of paper and the manufacture of new paper where it can be avoided by immediate sales, reports the Chicago Post. So long as they do this the danger of over-expansion steadily diminishes. Time money has been about one-fourth of 1 per cent easier and in more liberal supply on collateral loans. Call money was quoted as low as 1 per cent this week and was quite unlendable at times. The high rate for merchants' paper, however, continues, and this is evidence that the banks are restraining commercial expansion as well as all other forms of inflation. Meanwhile, there is very little financing being done. In July, for instance, the total amount of new securities sold was \$52,000,000. This compared with \$120,000,000 in June, \$259,000,000 in May, \$92,000,000 in April, \$214,000,000 in March, \$69,000,000 in February and \$120,000,000 in January. With few new stocks and bonds coming on to the market and a continued absorption of old issues, the

congested condition of securities ought to be relieved in time. Bonds are still slow to move out of first hands and new low prices were made recently when stocks went down. But there are no more offerings in large amounts by the institutions such as disturbed the situation a few months ago.

While the statement of averages issued by the New York associated banks last Saturday was somewhat disappointing, owing to the heavy loan expansion, amounting to \$16,792,200, the statement of averages for the week ended Thursday night shows that the clearing house institutions of New York held \$49,041,400, more than 25 per cent of all deposits, including government, an increase of \$529,475, while the surplus above legal requirements was \$49,061,500, an increase of \$539,450. There was a gain of \$6,588,000 in specie and \$340,800 in legal tender, which brought the cash gain up to near \$7,000,000. The increase in deposits was \$22,870,900.

An amendment to the ordinance has been presented to the council and by its terms the banks must pay a license fee of one and one-half cents on each \$1,000 of loans and discounts, the amount to be computed according to the business shown on the last days of each preceding month. This was what was aimed at in the first draft of the new ordinance, but it was worded so that the banks were compelled to pay the license fee only on the new business done.

It has been pointed out that the new Taggart-Andrews measure, as pertaining to the bank tax, is not working out as anticipated. The measure speaks indefinitely of what the monthly tax is, and the city attorney's acceptance of the banks' construction of the term makes rather a discouraging reform, inasmuch as the various banks, under the new ordinance are compelled to pay only a small percentage of their former tax.

Chicago bank exchanges at the clearing house last week reflected a further relaxation in the volume of business between banks and in commercial circles. The clearings decreased \$8,646,806 and the balances \$1,514,446.

Approval has been given by the comptroller of the treasury at Washington to the application to convert the Bank of Orange into the National Bank of Orange. The institution has a capital of \$50,000.

Good Time to Buy Bonds

Whether or not the hesitancy of investors really indicates a lack of available funds or a feeling that prices have been out of line with conditions is a matter on which financial critics differ, but it is clearly evident that just now there are more persons asking themselves the question if the time has not arrived to buy bonds than for many months. In this connection the Wall Street Journal points out a few fundamental facts supported by a comparison of prices over a period that may go far toward answering the question for those in doubt as to the disposition of at least a part of their funds available for investment:

"Realizing that securities have experienced something of a general and extensive decline in prices from the level of a few months ago, the probabilities of an improvement from the present level or whether further depression may be looked for are interesting. Business conditions alternate between prosperity and depression, and interest rates—that is, the rates paid for the use of liquid capital—are generally lower in depression than is the return on fixed forms of capital such as is invested in bonds. The demand

for bonds is naturally stimulated under these conditions, and prices rise to a point where the return is hardly greater than on liquid capital. With an improvement in industrial conditions, money tends to flow into that channel at better returns and away from investment securities of less return, and there is a liquidation of the latter, producing a severe effect on their prices."

In the light of these general facts, it is evident that bonds can be bought at better prices in periods of business prosperity than under the reverse conditions, except in the moment of panic or of commercial uncertainty. Early in 1907, when railroad earnings were high and general business prosperous, bonds began to go off until early in 1908, when business was at low ebb and money was plentiful. In this period, however, there occurred the monetary crisis, which forced prices lower than they otherwise would have gone. A co-existent upturn began then in both the bond and stock markets, and investments rose steadily until May or June, 1909, when heavy demands for capital were becoming evident in commercial lines. Since then the decline has progressed steadily until now, when business conditions are admittedly sound, bonds are selling at a level that has not been seen, with the exception of the few months in 1907, since late in 1904 or early in 1905. Conditions like the present are propitious for the purchase of sound investments, advises the Chicago Post.

Counterfeit Moneymakers Less Active

Reduce the "life" of counterfeit money one-half by educating the public to scrutinize more carefully the paper and coin it handles, is the slogan of the United States secret service, in its report for the fiscal year made public recently. Chief Wilkie announces a decreased activity among criminals who make this imitation of currency and coin their specialty, but he sounds a note of warning that counterfeiting resembles epidemic diseases—after the epidemic is checked it requires continued vigilance and activity to minimize the chances for further outbreaks. There is still trouble in certain districts over "raised" notes where the denominations of one and two dollar bills are altered to give the appearance of tens or twenties. Little of the counterfeiting product of the year was dangerously deceptive. Colorado was the center of operations for the making of the most deceptive counterfeit dollar of the year. "The greatest menace to the integrity of the currency ever conceived, important as a counterfeiting enterprise, but really much more concerned with public safety," is the way the report described the operations of Ignazio Lupo, Giuseppe Morello and others, following whose arrest and conviction "black hand" crimes among the New York Italians decreased more than 75 per cent. There were 316 arrests by the secret service agents in the fiscal year. Of those arrested 192 were born in the United States, eighty-two in Italy, thirteen in Russia and the others scattered. New York furnished most of the cases.

After Readjustment, Expansion

Dow Jones Bureau says: "Reports from the business world continue somewhat conflicting, although in the main the tendency is still toward conservatism, curtailment and price recessions. At the moment the business of the country is apparently awaiting a clear outlook as to the crops, as the result of the harvests will measure the purchasing ability of the people. The returns of the country's iron output for July show the most rapid contraction in the output of any month this year. Curtailment is still the order of the day in textile industry. Nevertheless, there is more firmness in cotton goods. The cotton report has been construed by merchants to mean limited supplies and high prices for next year, but they are not inclined to go on selling merchandise 3 cents a pound below cost. Here and there one finds business fairly active. In particular cases readjustment has been fairly completed and more willingness to buy is noted."

Stock and Bond Briefs

Washington has financing of its own to do, and this probably accounts for the action in urging the formation of currency associations. Advices from the capital present a new aspect of the treasury situation in an unofficial statement that in all probability the de-

partment would early in the autumn resort to the issue of "reclamation bonds." These bonds were provided for by congress after a long struggle in an act which specified that an issue of \$20,000,000 shall be permitted, the proceeds thereof to be used for the continued construction of reclamation projects in the arid west. Originally, it was intended to provide for the reclamation projects by the use of moneys which were received from the sales of western lands in the states as nearly as possible where the lands were situated. The bonds provided for by congress were meant to help out these projects, which were suffering from want of funds. The proposed issue of the reclamation bonds had not been looked for at so early a date, and the time when it will be resorted to is understood to depend on the date when the secretary of the interior begins drawing on the treasury for funds in aid of his work. That date cannot be definitely set, but it is now expected to occur in the early autumn. Probably an issue of reclamation bonds will be put out in October. The sums for which the secretary of the interior will draw at the outset will be small, probably not more than, say, \$2,000,000, or thereabouts, but the drain will be likely to be more than the department can stand, owing to the heavy payments on Panama canal account. This will necessitate the issue of the securities, and inasmuch as the sum is too small to break up, the whole \$20,000,000 will be floated.

Ventura's good road agitation has practically been abandoned insofar as the voting of bonds for the extensive improvements is concerned and supervisors of that county are now giving their attention to the proposition of building a number of needed bridges and a new court house. A bond issue to provide funds for those purposes may be voted upon in the near future, and it is possible that the election may include the proposition of building a bridge over the Ventura river at that point.

San Diego citizens have emphatically vetoed municipal ownership, having defeated the proposition to issue bonds in the sum of \$1,250,000 for municipal gas and electric plant by an avalanche of votes. At the same time a proposition to vote \$1,000,000 for improvements to the city park for grounds and buildings for the Panama exposition carried by an overwhelming majority.

Bonds in the amount of \$25,000,000 have been issued by the Southern Pacific, due in 1950, and bearing interest at the rate of four per cent. The new securities are different from those usually offered the public in that instead of carrying a denomination of \$1,000, they range from \$100 to \$500 each. They are being offered in the local market.

Los Angeles supervisors will receive bids up to 2 p.m. August 28 for the purchase of the Newhall school district bonds in the sum of \$6,000. Bonds will bear 6 per cent interest and certified check must be for 5 per cent of the amount bid. A previous advertisement for bids on these bonds was rejected, the highest proffering a premium of \$3 only.

September 1 is the date set for the special election to be held in Orange for the voting of bonds in the sum of \$21,000 for municipal improvements. Of this sum \$16,000 will be devoted to the construction of an outfall sewer and \$5,000 will be expended in the paving of the plaza.

Between January 1 and June 30 there was placed on the regular list of the New York Stock Exchange a total of \$1,205,844,320 securities, of which \$771,905,020 represented stocks and \$433,939,300 bonds. The total is approximately \$200,000,000 less than the total listings for the same period in 1909.

Bonds of the Graham school district, in the sum of \$25,000, offered for sale, brought several bidders, the state board of examiners offering a premium of \$900, while the next highest bidder, Carroll & Co., offered a premium of \$692.75. The bids were taken under advisement.

School trustees of Redondo Beach will hold a bond election in the near future to vote funds of \$30,000 for a new school building to be erected on a site adjoining the Central school.